

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOL. XVI. No. 6 }
WHOLE No. 397 }

NOVEMBER 18, 1916

{ \$3.00 A YEAR
{ PRICE, 10 CENTS

Chronicle

Home News.—This year's elections were the most extraordinary held in the United States since 1884. On the night of November 7 Mr. Hughes was declared

The Elections President; the morning papers of November 8 hailed him as Chief Executive of the nation, but the evening papers under the same date announced that Mr. Wilson had probably been reelected. Although, at this writing, all the ballots have not been counted, yet practical politicians concede that the Democratic candidate has won the victory. According to present calculations, which are subject to slight revisions, the total number of votes cast for Messrs. Wilson and Hughes was 16,599,306. Of these the latter received 8,090,951, the former 8,508,085, a plurality of 417,134. Of the total number of electoral votes, 531, Mr. Hughes has secured 255, Mr. Wilson 276, a safe margin, since only 266 are necessary for a choice. These figures give rise to interesting reflections. In 1912 Mr. Wilson polled hardly forty per cent of the then electorate; this year the vote in his favor was increased by 2,270,700, while the vote for Mr. Hughes exceeded the combined vote cast for Messrs. Taft and Roosevelt by 556,000.

The Republicans carried the East and the Middle West, the Democrats the South and Far West. Mr. Hughes found favor in all industrial communities, except Ohio; Mr. Wilson in the agricultural communities, especially in those of the Mississippi Valley and further west. The papers in favor of the reelected President declare that women and the "Moose" are responsible for his victory, those opposed to him affirm that Mr. Hughes was defeated because of an apparent alliance with reactionaries.

The foreign press in general expresses satisfaction with the outcome of the elections. The papers of Japan praise the President's peaceful disposition and rejoice that there is now no chance of a

Foreign Opinion tariff likely to hinder exports to America. The German press is rather cautious in its comment. The Berlin *Tageblatt* points out that Mr. Wilson's reelection indicates a policy of peace which will perhaps eventuate in an international peace organization. This paper too rejoices that a high

tariff will not interfere with the German-American trade. The Cologne *Gazette* and the *Volkszeitung* of the same city think that the result is due to the peaceful temper of the American people. The former adds, however, that the victory is not a triumph for the Mr. Wilson who was the enemy of Germany and the friend of England, but for the Mr. Wilson who boasted he maintained peace and vowed to observe the same policy in future. The English papers are on the whole sympathetic. The London *Globe* thinks that the war "which is the only issue before civilized men, hardly entered into the contest," and declares that "the mass of the American people ask for nothing more than peace at almost any price with liberty to gather wealth." This paper and the *Pall Mall Gazette* look for a stiffening of the President's attitude towards foreign affairs. The London *Star* rejoices that Mr. Wilson's reelection is a defeat for Germany. The Manchester *Guardian* attributes the Democratic success to the Progressives and affirms that the President "may be destined to play a part in the achievement of peace which will give him a place in world-history." The French newspapers attach little importance to the elections. The *Petit Journal* is highly satisfied with the results, because they will put new life into American neutrality. The *Matin* and the *Parisien* express the same opinion; the other great papers refrain from comment.

There are many minor items in connection with the elections, which are of interest. For the first time in our history a woman, Jeanette Rankin, of Missoula, Montana, has been sent to Congress.

Minor Items She is a Republican and will sit in a House which will be Republican by a narrow margin of about two members. According to present calculations the Senate is Democratic by a majority of twelve. The Prohibitionists have put Nebraska, Michigan, South Dakota, Montana, and, as it now appears, the Territory of Alaska into the "dry column." Moreover the new Governors of Utah and Florida are Prohibitionists and before long these latter States will no doubt "go dry." More than half the area of the country is now Prohibition-territory, as follows: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Georgia, Idaho,

Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Mississippi, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, and those mentioned above. A second minor but significant item is the increase in the Socialist vote. In 1912, 900,000 votes were polled, in 1916 about 1,200,000. The national manager of the party has announced that some thirty-five Socialists have won seats in State legislatures, while several less important offices have also fallen to members of the party.

The War.—South of Ancre the British have made a slight advance. At Sailly and in the St. Pierre Vaast Wood the Germans regained some ground, but subsequently lost it to the French. South of the Somme the French have taken Ablaincourt, Pressoir and most of

Bulletin, Nov. 6, p.m.
Nov. 13, a.m. the woods north of Chaulnes. Nothing of importance has been accomplished by the Italians in the Trentino, but in the Goritz region they have straightened their line between Monte Faiti and Castagnavizza. In Western Macedonia the Serbs have occupied the village of Polog and other positions on the Chuke Ridge. On the Struma attempts made by the British to advance from Barakli Juma have failed.

In the province of Minsk the Germans have resumed the offensive after a long period of inactivity; they have penetrated the Russian line on a front of two miles and a half, and driven the Russians back of the Skrobowa Brook, near Baranovich. They have also gained some of the Russian positions east of the Narayuvka, in Galicia, but these places the Russians claim they have retaken. In the Carpathians the Central Powers stormed but later lost Mount Dedul, near Kirlibaba. South of Dorna Watra the Russians have driven the Central Powers from their positions in the Bistricedra Valley, entered Transylvania, and taken Belbor and Hollo. Still further south they have, with the Rumanians, made progress near the Tolgyes, Gyimes and Oitoz Passes.

In the region south of Kronstadt the Central Powers have taken the Bodza Pass, occupied the town of Surdoin, and advanced about sixteen miles in the Buzeo Valley. In the Prahova Valley they have taken Asuga, and further west, La Omu, the loftiest peak in the Bucsec group of the Transylvanian Alps. Near Campulung, however, the Rumanians have forced the Central Powers to retreat towards the frontier. In the Alt Valley the Central Powers have reached a point about five miles from Pitesti, but in the Jiu Valley they are merely holding their own. In Dobrudja the Rumanians and Russians have resumed the offensive, recaptured Hirsova, Ghisdarehti and Topal, and are about fifteen miles from Cernavoda. From this last place the Central Powers have crossed the southern branch of the Danube, on the Cernavoda bridge, and are engaging the Rumanians and Russians, in the great Balta Marsh, south of the town of Dunareav.

Austria-Hungary.—Count Adam Tarnowski, one of the ablest diplomats of the dual monarchy, and at present serving as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Sofia, has been appointed to succeed Dr. Dumba as Ambassador to the United States.

*New Envoy for
United States*

He is the descendant of Catholic Polish nobility and was born in Galicia, March 4, 1866. He first entered the public service at Lemberg in 1889, and after holding diplomatic positions at Constantinople and Athens, came to the United States as Secretary to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy in Washington, where he remained from 1899 to 1901. He then served successively at the Embassies of Paris (1901), Dresden (1903), Brussels (1905), Madrid (1907) and London (1909), and in 1911 was sent as Austro-Hungarian Minister to Sofia. Count Tarnowski was married at Warsaw in 1901 to the Polish princess Swiapotolk Czopworpyńska, a native of Russian Poland. It is not known when he will leave for his new post, but it is explained that a request for safe conduct from the Allies will not be necessary, since he is entitled to diplomatic immunity. The new Ambassador is acceptable at Washington and his appointment is looked upon as a sign that more cordial relations are to exist between the two countries.

France.—The report recently submitted to the Chamber by M. Desplas, concerning the territory still occupied by the enemy, furnishes interesting details. It shows

*The Invaded
Territory*

that at the present moment the Germans hold 2,351 of the 36,247 Communes composing France. The invaded district, comprising some of the most flourishing centers of industry and commerce, is one of the richest regions of the country. The average value of land throughout France is now about \$230.00 per hectare (a hectare is equal to two and one-half acres); before the German invasion, land in the Department of the Nord was valued at \$885.00 per hectare, in the Pas de Calais at \$800.00 per hectare, and in the Somme at \$360.00 per hectare. Of the 130,000 French factories, 25,763 are situated in the occupied departments. Their value is estimated at thirty-eight per cent of the total value of the manufactories existing in France. Before the war the inhabitants of these departments paid no less than \$172,200,000 in direct taxation. These districts were not only rich in agricultural, commercial and agricultural resources, but were also noted for their large and constantly increasing families. In the whole of France there were only thirty of the eighty-six departments in which the population was increasing before the war. Among the ten invaded departments, seven were in that category.

Germany.—Among the messages forwarded to the German Emperor thanking him for the proclamation of

the new Kingdom of Poland, the most notable were those from the Archbishop of Gnesen-Posen and from the League of the Polish Commonwealth. Protesting his unswerving loyalty, the Catholic prelate expressed his gratitude, in his own name and in the name of his diocesans, "for the restitution of an autonomous Polish Kingdom." He prayed that his Majesty's "magnanimous resolution" might be to the welfare of Germany and of the new State, which he confidently hoped "will fulfil its historic mission as a bulwark of Occidental civilization and the bearer of the Catholic Faith in the East." More warlike in tone was the message forwarded to the Emperor by the Representatives of the League of the Polish Commonwealth. "We recognize," they said, "the confidence reposed in us and answer it with equal confidence. We believe and hope that the promises in the proclamation will be fulfilled, and we are determined to give our property and lives to develop the Kingdom of Poland at the side of our liberators as an independent and powerful State." The exact boundaries of the new kingdom have not yet been determined, although according to the most recent proclamation it is to consist of "the Polish territory delivered from Russian tyranny." As hitherto specified, therefore, Prussian Poland and Austrian Galicia are not to be included. The manifesto itself declaring the independence of Poland is as follows:

His Majesty the German Emperor and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria and Apostolic King of Hungary, inspired by firm confidence in a final victory of their arms and prompted by a desire to lead the districts conquered by their armies under heavy sacrifices from Russian domination toward a happy future, have agreed to form of these districts a national State with a hereditary monarchy and a constitutional government. The exact frontiers of the Kingdom of Poland will be outlined later.

The new kingdom will receive the guarantees needed for the free development of its own forces by its intimate relations with both Powers. The glorious traditions of the ancient Polish armies and the memory of the brave comradeship in the great war of our days will be revived in a national army. The organization, instruction and command of this army will be arranged by common agreement.

Hopes are then expressed that the Polish wishes for the development of a national kingdom will be realized, due consideration being given to existing conditions. The new realm is to be "a free and happy State, enjoying its own national life." A more recent document makes clear that the administration will at present be kept in the hands of the allied Germanic Powers. They pledge themselves to give to the Polish Kingdom by degrees, in co-operation with the Poles themselves, "those public institutions which will guarantee its consolidation, development and safety. Of these the Polish army is the most important." In order to "complete their victory over their oppressors" the Poles are invited to step to the side of the Central Powers: "You will protect your country under your own colors and flag, cherished by you above all. We know your courage and your ardent patriotism,

and call you to arms at our side." The response with which this appeal for volunteers will be met may perhaps be the best index of the popular sentiment.

All doubt has been set aside regarding Germany's desire to cooperate in an endeavor to find a practical means for insuring a lasting peace by means of an international league, though certain conditions are definitely laid down by the Imperial Chancellor. At the end of this horrifying war, he thought, the nations of the earth would certainly seek for peaceful arrangements to prevent the repetition of such a monstrous calamity:

Peace League Plan

Germany will honestly cooperate in the examination of every endeavor to find a practical solution, and will collaborate for its possible realization. This all the more if the war, as we expect and trust, brings about political conditions that do full justice to the free development of all nations, of small as well as great nations. Then the principles of justice and free development, not only on the Continent but also on the seas, must be made valid. This, to be sure, Viscount Grey did not mention."

The fault he had to find with the ideas of the British Foreign Secretary in regard to international guarantees of peace was that they took into consideration the British wants only. Describing in great detail the origin of the war, he asked: "Who wanted war? We who were ready to give to England all imaginable securities; not only for her immediate interests, but also for France and Belgium, or Viscount Grey, who declined every one of our propositions and refused even to hint at a way by which to preserve a just peace between our two countries?"

Great Britain.—According to the *Catholic Times*, and other journals, an increase of juvenile crime has been noted since the outbreak of the war. No figures are given, but the causes of this unhappy condition have been discussed at some length. In some instances,

The "War After the War"

juvenile delinquency can be traced to homes broken, at least temporarily, by the departure of fathers and guardians for the war. As a consequence, the discipline of the home suffers relaxation, and the young assume a degree of freedom to which they have hitherto been strangers. The war has also, as it would seem, caused a considerable weakening in the elementary schools, since many of the teachers are engaged in military service. The introduction of children into many fields of labor hitherto closed against them, no doubt has had its part in contributing to delinquency. It is to be noted that nearly all the journals discussing the subject assign "visits to the picture-palaces which rouse the spirit of adventure," as one of the chief causes of the increase of juvenile disorder. The London County Council has undertaken a serious study of the matter through the formation of "Care Committees," and this course has also been adopted in other parts of the country. These Committees will endeavor to impress upon guardians the neces-

sity of sending their children to school regularly, and of watching over them carefully at all times, "stressing the necessity of obedience." The "war after the war," predicted for Great Britain as well as the other countries now in conflict, may be a reality scarcely less bitter than battles now fought on sea and land. To realign the educational, social and economic forces of the country is the problem that will perplex nations and statesmen for the next generation.

Ireland.—It has been officially announced, says the *Irish Catholic*, that Sir William Patrick Byrne, K.C.V.O., C.B., has been appointed Under-Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The new

The New Under-Secretary Under-Secretary, who was born at Withington, Lancashire, is 57 years of age, and a barrister of Gray's Inn. He is of Irish descent, a Catholic, and was educated at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, and St. Bede's, Manchester, after which he entered the service of the General Post Office. In 1884 he was transferred to the Home Office, where he became Senior Clerk in 1896 and Assistant Under-Secretary of State in 1908. In 1910 he was appointed Registrar of the Baronetage, and in 1913 Chairman of the Board of Control in connection with the Home Office. In 1894 he acted as Secretary to the Departmental Committee on Riots, and later as Chairman of the Home Office Committee on Inebriate Reformatories, and as a member of the Royal Commission on the Feeble-minded. In 1910 he was one of the British delegates to the International Conference in Paris on Aerial Navigation. To this brief sketch the *Irish Catholic* adds: "Every fair-minded person will wish Sir William a happy and successful tenure of his office in a period of difficulty without precedent during the last hundred years. "It is also to be hoped that Lieutenant-General Bryan Mahon, lately Commander of the British forces on the western frontier in Egypt, and now appointed to succeed Major-General Sir John Maxwell as Commander of the British forces in Ireland, will use his extensive powers with the utmost wisdom and discretion. The times require this, for in addition to the political troubles which are agitating the country and which call for a speedy and just settlement, the enormously high price of foodstuffs, according to a statement of the Dublin correspondent of the *Daily News*, is everywhere causing the most serious alarm. The Irish potato crop, it has also been reported, has been attacked with another blight which may cause a great deal of suffering and misery.

Rome.—The death, at the age of seventy-two, of Cardinal Della Volpe, Prefect of the Congregation of the Index, has removed a loyal and devoted servant of the Church and the Papacy. At the time

Death of Cardinal Della Volpe of his death, besides being the Prefect of the important Congregation mentioned, the deceased Cardinal was Camerlengo of the

Holy Roman Church, and Chancellor of the Roman University. He was born on December 24, at Ravenna, and was descended from the noble family of the Counts Della Volpe, long distinguished in Italian history. He studied at the Seminario Pio in Rome and was ordained priest in December, 1867. After studying till 1874 in the Academy for Noble Ecclesiastics, he became Secretary of the Congregation of Indulgences and Chamberlain to his Holiness Pius IX. He was a member of the Extraordinary Embassy sent to Moscow by Leo XIII on the occasion of the Coronation of Alexander III, by whom he was decorated with the Order of St. Anne. He was appointed Maestro di Camera by Leo XIII in 1886 and Majordomo to his Holiness in 1892. He was created Cardinal by Leo XIII, reserved *in petto* in the Consistory of June 19, 1899, and proclaimed on April 15, 1901, his title being that of Sancta Maria in Aquiro. Besides holding the offices mentioned, he was a member of the Propaganda and Consistorial Congregations and was one of the Commission for the Administration of the Revenues of the Holy See.

Spain.—King Alfonso has gained another victory by his charitable and humane efforts to mitigate the horrors of the war. The Spanish press has just published the

The King and the War Prisoners various stages of the monarch's latest negotiations, which have been crowned with success. In April, 1915, the Spanish Ministry transmitted to the French and German Governments the generous and spontaneous offer of the King to intervene personally in behalf of the prisoners of both countries, in order to obtain a cessation of reprisals, and the suspension of judicial penalties imposed on some of the prisoners, until the termination of the war. After long and intricate negotiations, in which the King displayed the greatest tact and diplomatic skill in his correspondence with the two Governments, France and Germany have reached an agreement, as a result of which, not only has the system of reprisals been discontinued, but the judicial penalties have been suspended. This clause of the agreement includes those penalties already imposed and those which might be in future imposed for acts committed prior to the agreement. Alfonso and Benedict XV have, so to say, worked side by side for the welfare of the prisoners and sufferers of the war. The Catholic world knows of the efforts of the Holy Father. It is but just that the services of a Catholic king should not be forgotten. The Spanish people are proud of its ruler. The men of Spanish blood in the Republics of South America share in that pride. The *Irish Catholic*, to whom we owe these details, informs us that the great Buenos Aires daily, *La Nacion*, lately devoted one of its editions to an appreciative review and study of the monarch's generous and humane conduct in all its phases. It cordially thanked the King in the name of the people of Argentina, invited him to visit the Republic and assured him of a most enthusiastic welcome.

Cooperation Without Compromise

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

WEARY and jaded, she felt that to die was better than to live without hope. She seemed to be moving in an ugly dream, but at the age of thirty, she knew it to be a pitiful, sordid reality, and no transient phantasm of sleep. A drunken husband had carelessly gambled away her little fortune, and become a vagabond, leaving her with two small children. Then came an ill-advised legal divorce, with all the shame of publicity, and at the last, misery. When her woe was deepest, some one came like a ray of sunshine into her life. He was an old sweetheart. He wanted her, and she was willing to go to him, not so much because of anything he might give her, as for all that he would do for her little ones. One obstacle only stood between comfort for her, and a happy future for her children. She was a Catholic.

The tale is not novel. On the card-catalogue of any social-service clearing-house, it is repeated with sad reiterance. Nor, unfortunately, is the story altogether new in its conclusion. The unhappy woman, thinking only of her children, did not consult her pastor. She knew well that for king and beggar, the Church has but one answer, based on a decision even more unwavering than a mother's love. But she had a friend, a clever, energetic woman, a Fellow in social science, at a local university. She said but little to the desolate mother, except to bid her follow, and at once, the dictates of her heart. But to others she said much of ecclesiastical despotism which, rather than abandon one punctilio of its antiquated code, would break a mother's heart, and throw helpless children on the world's cold charity. She inveighed against the dangerously anti-social character of the Catholic Church, exhibited in its absolute prohibition of divorce, and in its promotion of poverty and disease, by the imposition upon marital relations of a fiction of medieval metaphysics, called the natural law. Modern society, as everyone not in a cloister knew, stood in sore need of rehabilitation. The world of thought had changed even as had the world of visible realities; and with the process of readjusting the individual, and society itself, to the new environment, no outworn superstition, however honestly held, could be suffered to interfere. Religion, indeed, might be enlisted as a valuable aid in the reconstructive process, but only in cooperation with the new forces energizing society, and always in a function wholly subsidiary.

Under the technical verbiage, the pronouncement is the familiar formula of the new school of social philosophy. "Society, working through the ideals of modern democracy, is the supreme arbiter of the individual's life and destiny. To society, and to our conception of its welfare, all other forces, whether educational, social

or religious, must be subordinated." True, in practice, the formula often loses much of its innate viciousness. Yet no philosophy, founded on error, and no translation of this false philosophy into act, can work, save by accident, to the ultimate good either of the individual or of the race. It is this philosophy, embodying the apotheosis of a paganized State, which today rules the field of social science. Essentially, it is tyrannical; but some of its more thoughtful exponents, dimly sensing its inhumanity and consequent insufficiency, are now inviting "Catholic cooperation." To what degree can the invitation be accepted, if at all?

Cooperation implies a union, or at least an alignment, of forces working towards a common end. But another complex element must be added to complete the factors, and to state the conditions of the problem. The principles upon which the several forces propose to act, their scope and limit, must be clearly ascertained. The end may be laudable; but no man may employ an evil means to encompass a good purpose. The end, moreover, even when assumed as common, will be appraised in the light of fundamental principles, and these principles inevitably guide the choice of the means. It is clear, for instance, that the most advanced social democrat will be one with the most "reactionary" of Catholic philosophers, in the proposition that the welfare of the individual and of the community, is a condition to be promoted by all suitable means. But with the thesis yet warm upon their lips, differences will arise, first, on the true meaning of "welfare," and next, as to the "suitability" of the means. My Fellow in social science held vigorously, that the "welfare" of the mother in question, and of her children, was completely stated in terms of physical and mental conservation and development, and that the "welfare," both of these individuals and of the community, was licitly secured by remarriage after divorce. Either is a position which obviously renders Catholic cooperation impossible. Similar phenomena mark the growth of the "new thought" in other departments of social science. A school, daily augmenting its numbers and force, teaches that society works towards a desirable goal by encouraging extra-marital sex-relations, and by extending to all a working knowledge of contraceptive methods. Plainly, there can be no Catholic cooperation here. In spite of the alleged common end, "the welfare of the individual and of the community," there neither is nor can be, a common goal. The divergence between the two schools of thought is inevitable, complete, and radical. The Catholic sociologist must hold the existence of the natural law, with precepts, restraints and sanction, predicating the existence of God. The exponent of modern democracy does not. The Catholic may not

allow that the welfare of the individual, adequately considered, can be contrary to this law, or secured by its violation. His modern brother either considers the natural law a dream of metaphysicians, or regards it as the summation of human conventionalities, directive in normal circumstances, but to be disregarded in cases deemed extreme.

In view of these fundamental differences, the plea for Catholic cooperation does not, indeed, seem to evoke a favorable reply. Yet after the encyclicals of Leo XIII, it scarcely need be said that there are many fields of endeavor for the common welfare, in which Catholics may well work in harmony with the most liberal of "social democrats." Such, for instance, are the protection of the laboring classes, through wisely regulated private associations, and when necessary, by legal enactment; the manifold problems of public health, and of proper community recreation; the suppression of gross external violations of public morality; and the encouragement of every community force which makes for thrift and sobriety. But even here, cooperation is worse than barren gain, when it tends to obscure the principles which must underlie all profitable social work, or leads the worker to esteem these principles of less worth, since, apparently, they are of small practical utility.

But while welcoming all possible cooperation, the present is surely no time for the Catholic social student either to hide his principles, or to gloss over fundamental differences. No good can come from a "cooperation" which disregards these differences, or involves a denial of essential principles. Black is not white, and

the Church of God can enter into no true fellowship with any social force which denies or minimizes the absolute rights of God over men and nations. No power of diplomatic speech can reconcile the radical antagonism of the two forces which today are aligned with Christ, and with what Christ called "the world." Does the Catholic Church stand for anything that is definite in the great work of social reform? If it does, then let the message be spoken clearly and bravely by all Catholics.

This is neither the place nor the fit occasion for the voicing of this message. Yet certain truths which no one may relinquish without changing legitimate cooperation into fatal compromise, may be briefly noted. First, there exists a natural law, with clear precepts and prohibitions, and a sufficient sanction. Second, man as a rational being, living in time but destined for eternity, has inalienable rights and inevitable duties, with neither of which may any State interfere. Third, the family is not the creation of the State. No authority may unmake it by divorce, or by the sanction of unnatural practices, degrade it to a state which outrages the dignity of man's very nature. Finally, right does not consist in the material fact, nor is authority the sum-total of material forces; for, while within its sphere the State exercises full and legitimate authority, the ultimate source of all authority is God.

This program makes no claims to completeness. It merely sketches those principles against which certain modern schools of social science are directing an attack, characterized by plausible appeals to sentiment and expediency, rather than by truth or logic.

Roses or Regrets

FRANCIS A. McCLOSKEY

ON the road to Ispahan, upon a wide plain in the Persian province of Fars, there stands today the mud-walled city of Shiraz, founded twelve centuries ago. Once the residence of Persia's monarchs and the favorite resort of her princes, the city that gave to Iranian literature S'adi and the honey-lipped Hafiz and many another poet and scholar, has by time and the convulsions of nature been greatly shorn of its ancient splendor. Even today, so redolent and ravishing are the rose-beds environing this neighbor of the fabled Persepolis, that "gardens of Shiraz" is a poetic synonym for floral fragrance and bloom. Yet there are two gardens, each planted by a Catholic priest, that are more admirable than the gardens of Shiraz. One of these gardens was the monastery garden of the Abbot Mendel at Brünn, in Austria, and the other is, or was, the garden of Father George Schoener at Brooks, in Oregon.

I have not space to tell even briefly the story of the Abbot Mendel's life; indeed, I have not space even prop-

erly to summarize his great contribution to science. I must, however, attempt to indicate the results of his search for the secrets of plant genetics. For eight years, through multitudinous experimental plantings of peas, he endeavored to discover the laws of plant heredity. For this purpose he selected two plants of the same species, *i.e.*, peas, which had well-marked differences of color, height, shape of seed, and the like. One he used as the male, the other as the female parent. What, he asked, is the law of plant inheritance? Will the resulting hybrid resemble, for example, the tall parent or the dwarf parent, or will it combine these two characters and be medium in height? He discovered that it would exactly resemble one of the parents according as the character of that parent was what he called dominant over the character of the other parent. If tallness was the dominant character then dwarfness was recessive and disappeared. He therefore said the primary law was that the first generation was always like the dominant

parent, or as he formulated it D (ominant) $\times R$ (recessive) = D (ominant). Next he inquired what would happen if he should breed from this hybrid generation, and he found that the hybrids never bred true but produced some tall and some dwarf peas, and always in a mathematical proportion of three to one. That is, if the original tall parent was dominant, the offspring of the hybrid progeny was always in the proportion of three tall to one dwarf. Therefore he concluded that the dominant characters are due to something which is absent from the recessive. Since the fertilized ovum formed by the original cross was made by the union of two germ-cells, the male and the female, both these elements entered into the composition of the original hybrid and if the germ-cells which that hybrid forms are bearers either of tallness or dwarfness there must, at some stage, be a separation of the ultimate factors which cause those characters to be developed in the plants. This phenomenon he called segregation. His discovery of this fact was the essential revelation made by Abbot Mendel. His conclusions were embodied in a paper which he read before the Brnn Natural History Society. This paper was published in the Society's journal but seems to have fallen on barren ground, for no attention was paid to his theories for upwards of a quarter of a century. About 1900, Bateson, Correns and DeVries, almost simultaneously, discovered the paper and gave its really basic theories to the scientific world. Meanwhile Mendel had been sleeping in the grave for twenty-five years. Today the name of Mendel is a household word in the world of science. His genius is everywhere conceded and his discoveries appraised with unstinted commendation. But what the world lost through its neglect of Mendel in his lifetime cannot now be estimated.

Brooks, Marion County, Oregon, is the place where another Catholic priest planted a garden, not merely a garden of Shiraz, but a garden of science, like Abbot Mendel's, and in which were to be worked out to their ultimate conclusions the laws announced by the prelate of the Knigskloster. Here in tiny open spaces about his house and church and in the backyard of a neighbor, beside the right of way of the Southern Pacific Railroad, Father George Schoener began the double task of regaining his health and of developing Mendel's theories.

About five or six years ago, while stationed at Rochester in the diocese of Pittsburgh, Father Schoener's health broke down. His doctor ordered him to go west, to live in the open air and to engage in some outdoor manual exercise. Father Schoener was assigned to Brooks, a pastorate comprising about a dozen half-breed Indians. Territorially, however, his parish was Gargantuan and included two missions, with Mass at each on alternate Sundays. His Sunday school was almost peripatetic and was wholly pathetic; he went to the children, since they were too widely scattered to permit of their going to him. "From the start," he writes to me, "there was no income whatever, and I have been compelled to make

a mere living from the things I raised in the garden."

On his journeyings up and down the Willamette Valley, on the ocean side of the Cascade Range, Father Schoener saw and wondered at the luxuriance and the ubiquity of the rose. In field and forest, in lonely lanes and on traveled highways, in the valley and on the mountain top, there were roses, roses everywhere. Father Schoener was a student; he knew his chemistry, his biology, his geology, his botany. His observations on his walks and his readings in his home led him to formulate certain theories that he longed to test. These theories were: (1) That the rose originated in the *rosa Persica* of Persia, Turkestan and Thibet, where centuries ago the *rosa prima*, as he terms the original genera, were much more alike in characters than are the roses of today; (2) That the *rosa prima* was filled with floral *wanderlust* and traveled from Persia across Asia and thence over the Behring Strait to Alaska and so down the Pacific Coast to California and to Mexico; that, indeed, it had traversed the world and had found lodgment in Africa, Australia, Europe and South America; (3) That a study of the characteristics of these progenies of the parent-rose showed that the variations observable were due to new climates, to different altitudes, to diverse latitudes, and to the varied chemical constituents of the soils; (4) That the skill of the hand of man and the design of the mind of man, if applied in strict accord with the Mendelian laws of plant heredity, not merely could reproduce in new localities the variations existing in other situations, but even could create new varieties. As a Catholic priest he saw nothing out of joint between these theories and his belief in a generic creation. So he began, in his *hortus conclusus et disseptus*, to put his theories to the test, and thereafter the passengers on the Southern Pacific had brief, blurred vision of an Oregon garden of Hesperus. And his name began to be on the lips of the rosarians of the world.

Chiefly Father Schoener wrought with roses, in itself a task for a horticultural Hercules. But he did not limit his labors to the "queen of flowers." Back of his ambition to develop the Mendelian theory to the end of the chapter, back of his fondness for flowers, he had another aim, formed in his wanderings about his parish. As he tramped up hill and down dale around Brooks, he saw luscious Bartlett pears fed to swine, ruby-ripe cherries rotting where they lay, ambrosial grapes decaying on the vine, everywhere an abundance of fruits and vegetables wasting for want of a market. There was an economic supply, potentially inexhaustible in quantity, illimitable in variety, and incalculable in value; but there was no corresponding economic demand. Oregon's population was not large enough to consume what her generous soil produced, and the ravenous markets of the populous East were too remote. There was a solution if it could be made; namely, to develop Oregon's products so as to render them immune to the perils of transportation. Therefore, he set about the evolving of new fruits and

vegetables. He produced an ever-bearing raspberry, a cross from the raspberry and the blackberry, a cross from the cherry and the plum, a cross from the Siberian and the California apricots, a cross from the Oregon Hawthorn and the Spitzenberg apple, a pea with an edible pod, a corn maturing thirty days earlier than other corn, and a dozen other marvels of plant development. And always he grew roses. Then came the fire of October last and the oasis at Brooks became a lava-like desert. Yet, as the smoke cleared away and the charred embers of church and home and garden cooled and crumbled into ashes, there came an envoy from 200 of Portland's citizens urging Father Schoener to go to that city and undertake the establishment and superintendence of a project to be known as the Schoener Scientific Gardens. Hope renewed her flagging spirits. Archbishop Christie relieved Father Schoener from pastoral duties that he might give his whole time and entire energy to the new garden. Mr. Coe McKenna generously donated about ten acres at McKenna Park. Father Schoener moved to Portland, and he is there still. The ten acres are at his command, but the 200 citizens who were to finance the Schoener Scientific Gardens, where are they? Well, Father Schoener is now a priest without a parish, and without a cent. Mark you, Father Schoener was not seeking money. The men who invited him to Portland prepared a prospectus which declared: "Father Schoener might have replied to the Portland call in terms of such recognition [as one of the foremost scientists in the world]. He might have asked much for himself. But he stated his idea: 'The good of our neighbor and to make the world understand that it is good to live in Oregon.' He asked only *cooperation*." The italics are not mine!

I assume that, if need be, Archbishop Christie will assign Father Schoener to a new parish, but that is not the point. To bury Father Schoener in another Brooks is to rob the world of the economic value of his researches, to stifle his genius and to pluck a jewel from the diadem of Catholic science. Is the history of the Abbot Mendel to be duplicated in the biography of Father Schoener? This is no idle question; it may be large with dishonor and it may be big with glory and pride. Father Schoener's place in the sun of science is no uncertain one. From the *Literary Digest* for April 10, 1915, we learn that in England, in France and in Germany, he is regarded as the greatest of the exponents of Mendel's theory of plant-life and evolution. England's most noted rosarian, Miss E. A. Wilmott, recognized the world over as the foremost authority on wild roses, sent Father Schoener 1,000 wild-rose plants, gathered under every sky by the explorers employed by her to search the earth for new varieties. The Canadian Government, on one of its expeditions to the frozen North, found a rose that had wintered a temperature of 30 degrees below zero and sent it to Father Schoener that he might experiment with it. Our own Federal Department

of Agriculture has sent him hundreds of plants for tests and analyses. But of Catholic confidence, encouragement, recognition or assistance, he has received nothing. If by the apathy of Catholic laymen, Father Schoener's wonderful work is destined now to be abandoned, the future will be pregnant with censure. In my former paper, "The Rosary of a Parish Priest," I asked a question. I conclude this paper with a different inquiry: "Are there no Catholics *at all* who will join a movement to make the Schoener Scientific Gardens a reality? Shall we have roses or regrets?" I shall hope for a more audible answer than my former question received.

Who Elect the President?

JOHN WILTBYE

WHEN John Jones steps into the little booth on Election Day, he may be, and often is, under many delusions as to his rights and power as a duly qualified voter. John probably cherishes a trusting belief, for he has never inquired deeply into the matter, that he is casting a direct vote for some gentleman aspiring to be President of the United States. In the next place, it is quite possible that, in common with a surprisingly large number of citizens, he has the impression that the candidate who receives the largest number of popular votes is thereby elected President.

As a matter of fact, when on November 7, 1916, John unfolded his ballot, and put a cross in the circle below the names of Messrs Hughes and Fairbanks, or of Messrs Wilson and Marshall, he voted directly for none of these gentlemen. The truth is, that there is no constitutional reason whatever why these names should have appeared on the ballot at all. Later usage put them there, and the purpose, let it be whispered, was to make the ballots, as far as might be, "fool-proof." So what John really did, was to cast a vote for a set of men called "electors," with whose names, very probably, he is totally unacquainted. Furthermore, as John ought to know by this time, the President is not, and has never been, elected by "popular vote." He is chosen by the electors, who in turn are appointed by the several States, "in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct." A little history will make this perfectly clear. In 1876 Hayes received a smaller popular vote than his defeated rival, Tilden; and in 1888, while Cleveland had a popular plurality of nearly 100,000, he nevertheless lost the election to Harrison.

It is clear, then, that the President is elected not directly by the people, but by the electoral vote of the States. The framers of the Constitution never even contemplated submitting this august office to a choice of the popular vote, although there was a time when the Convention provided that the President should be elected by Congress. On reconsideration, however, it was decided that the President should be chosen by

electors appointed by the several States, "in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct" (*Art. II, sec. 1*). The same instrument fixes their number as "equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress." In pursuance of this provision, electors have at various times been appointed in a variety of ways. In the early days of the Republic they were frequently chosen by the legislature, and this method was followed by South Carolina until 1868. Selection by districts, as members of the Lower House are now elected, was also in favor, and as late as 1828 about one-third of the States held to this plan. This method is now generally discarded, although Michigan returned to it from 1891 to 1893. Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania very early chose the electors by a direct vote of the State, and this system is now universal, although to change it is fully within the power of the State legislature.

The fact that the President is chosen by the States in this manner, and not directly by the people, has been subjected to fierce criticism, particularly by professors of the newer school of political thought. Professor Young, of the University of Pennsylvania, in his "The New American Government," complains that "the indirect system is a standing peril of civil dissension and strife," and holds that "the gravest and most serious weakness of the indirect plan is that one candidate may be chosen by the people while another is elected by the electors." But the very cases instanced by Dr. Young, the Hayes-Tilden controversy in 1876, and the popular choice, but electoral defeat, of Cleveland in 1888, fail to bear out his contention. There was no thought of "civil dissension and strife" in 1888, and even in 1876, there was none in the event. True, the Electoral Commission invariably voted on party lines, but the very machinery chosen to settle the dispute had the happy effect of cooling the angry feelings of all parties, and of arriving at a decision substantially just. Fundamentally, however, Dr. Young's objection seems to rest on a misapprehension of the nature of the American Union. The United States is a union, not of individuals or of voters, but of States. Fitly, therefore, is the choice of the Chief Executive reserved to the parties to the contract. The present constitutional provisions will not appeal to any whose ideal is to strengthen the central government, while reducing the powers of local government to a minimum. But the more conservative school, believing that a government such as ours, best consults its welfare by insisting upon the principle embodied in the Tenth Article, "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited to it by the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people," will regard any further delegation of powers with grave concern. The proposition bears within it the germ of tyranny. Finally, the danger of civil dissension insisted on by Dr. Young seems sufficiently met by the law of February 3, 1887, providing that

tribunals appointed in and by each State shall in case of dispute determine what electoral votes are legal; and that if there be no such tribunal, the legality is to be determined by the two Houses of Congress. Here again, it may be noted, the original power of the State to decide with finality the legality of its elections is affirmed.

Supposing, then, the choice of the electors by the several States, the remaining steps towards the election of the President are, as a rule, a matter of routine. The Twelfth Amendment, adopted in 1804, directs that the electors meet in their own States "and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President." According to the Constitution, "Congress may determine the time of choosing the electors, and the day on which they shall give their votes," and the Act of Congress of February 3, 1887, ordains that "the electors of each State shall meet and give their votes on the second Monday in January next following their appointment at such place in each State as the legislature of each State shall direct." It is supposed that these electors will cast their vote for the candidate of the party which has elected them, and this has always been done. On the other hand, there is no constitutional clause restricting their liberty, and no penalty can be visited upon Republican electors who cast their votes for the Democratic candidate, or vice-versa.

After this meeting, three certificates of the result are signed by the electors. One is sent to the President of the Senate at Washington by messenger, the second is forwarded to him by mail, and the third is given to the judge of the district in which the election is held. On the second Wednesday in February, as provided by the Twelfth Amendment, "the President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted." In practice, this has become a mere formality, since the result of the election is known long before.

The successful candidate must have a majority of all the electoral votes. If no candidate has this majority, the election is now made by the House of Representatives in the manner prescribed by the Twelfth Amendment, from "the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three on the list of those voted for as President." This unusual but constitutional mode of election throws into very clear light the electoral power of the State, since the members of the House vote not as individuals, but by States, each State having one vote. Twice in the history of the United States has the President been chosen by the House of Representatives. In 1800 Jefferson was elected over Burr, who, according to the original constitutional provision, changed by the Twelfth Amendment in 1804, became Vice-President. Twenty-four years later, in 1824, Andrew Jackson not only received a plurality of 50,551 over John Quincy Adams, but also secured ninety-nine electoral votes,

while three competitors divided 162 votes between them. In the absence of a majority, the election was referred to the House, and Adams was chosen by a vote of

thirteen States, against seven for Jackson and four for Crawford. Thus the dominating power of the State in the presidential election was again clearly affirmed.

Catholicism and Happiness

GARRETT PIERSE

BALZAC has a striking story of a scientist whose whole life was ardently devoted to the quest of the Absolute. Though he neglected the dearest ties of relationship for the sake of his pursuit, though he restlessly sought the great object as a miser seeks gold, he miscalculated through expecting to find the Absolute in created things. The scientist found the Absolute only in death.

The scientist's fate is a parable of life. All men are seeking happiness with passionate and feverish search. There is a veiled figure denied of all the nations of the earth. The God of their dreams is a hidden God. Partly for that reason, partly through their own negligence, many men make miscalculations in identifying this mysterious figure, the object of all human ambition. Some identify the desired object with wealth, and believe that this can satisfy an immortal spirit. Vain thought! Wealth does not meet the deep needs of the human heart, for the greatest millionaire ever seeks restlessly for more, and, until he is laid on the peaceful couch of death, his heart refuses to be quieted.

The great object of man's quest is identified by others with voluptuousness. Omar Khayyam ever had, and ever will have his followers. But the world has had time enough to test Circean wine and the Dead Sea apples of indulgence, and it has experienced that the wine becomes bitter and the apples become ashes. The heart of a voluptuary, even of a Solomon with all means of selfish gratification at his disposal, finds no rest. The ancient Ecclesiastes breaks forth into the sigh of vanity, and the modern Ecclesiastes, the Faust of Goethe, reveals to us wine, wit, wealth, and voluptuousness as the unsubstantial baubles of a child's dream that dissolves into illusion. Even the pleasures of the intellect do not quiet the cravings of the human heart. A Newton, after a lifetime of partially successful study, after having made a few giant steps across the boundary of the unknown, compares himself to a child gathering a few pebbles from the limitless ocean. The great Bossuet adds that the thoughts which have not the eternal for their object pertain to the domain of death.

Those who make frantic efforts to identify the goal of human desire with finite and created reality are like those in France who try to give solace to the grieved human heart in time of war, by beating drums and by singing the "Marseillaise." Human need is too deep to be satisfied by such pitiful fanfare.

Yet there must surely exist some worthy object to satisfy this deepest need of human nature. Unless the laws of nature are nugatory, this object exists. It is the method of science to recognize that faculties have their objects in nature. Correlative supposes the existence of correlative. The eye, when it was first made, supposed the existence of an object to be seen. The fin of the fish suggested the existence of water. The wing of the bird supposed a sustaining medium. Is it to be thought that the deepest need of human nature alone has no satisfying object? Is it to be believed that nature is vain? Not so. The object of human happiness then exists. It is not, we have seen, mere finite reality which can satisfy our hearts. It remains that only the Infinite, only God, is the worthy object of the quest of the human soul. The cry of a great genius, Augustine, rings true: "We were made for Thee O Lord, and our hearts will never rest till they rest in Thee." How appropriate was the phrase applied by the Old Testament to the Messiah: "The One desired of all the nations of the earth"! For all nature, whether rational or not, whether animate or inanimate, is groping after God.

Everyone, then, who has found God, has found a mood where all quest ceases. The thousand ills that flesh is heir to cannot rob him of that peaceful mood. The least in the Kingdom of God becomes akin with the most advanced mystic in the sharing of this gift of peace. The ceaseless mind and the restless heart find an oasis in the desert of life. But this rest in God, attained by life's weary pilgrim, does not mean a Buddhist quietism. For the love of God must be a working love, a love manifesting itself in beneficence to God's children, a love having for model Him of whom it was written: "He went about doing good." While the heart rests in God, the hands do not rest, but ever find numberless works of beneficence to be performed. And this is one of the reasons why perfect happiness is not of this earth. For full happiness is the complete possession of perfectly satisfying good. But in this life, while our ideals are boundless, and our performances are limited, we can never be entirely satisfied with our works; there will always be room for a Divine discontent in regard to evil conditions. But external circumstances need never rob us of substantial peace and happiness. In this sense happiness is subjective, though it always supposes union with the great object of our

yearning, God. Our minds are largely independent of external objects. There was a glimmering of this truth even in paganism, for example, in the noble attitude of Epictetus towards a tyrant: "You may imprison my body, but you cannot imprison my mind. You can send me to prison, but can you send me weeping?" Horace also finely dreamed of the man, just and tenacious of purpose, who could stand unmoved amid the crash of worlds. But the dream of paganism became the Christian reality. It became fact in the child martyr, Agnes, who played with the manacles of torture, and in the deacon, Laurence, who, on the gridiron for a death-bed, mocked his persecutors.

If the love of God is the attainment of happiness, it must follow that the only safe way to God is the only sure path to happiness. Catholicism is this way. Christianity brought the "glad tidings" to an unhappy world. The Catholic Church is still the accredited preacher of the glad tidings, for she alone is the Church founded by Christ. We know by whom her rivals were founded. We know who and what these founders were. Henry VIII we know and Luther we know. The churches they founded are of yesterday; they are dividing into sects, and hastening to dissolution. The Catholic Church is nineteen centuries in existence; she can be traced back to the Apostles, and to the glad tidings of Christ. Though old, she is not decrepit. Assisting at the cradle and the grave of empires of this world, she continues, because she is Divine, her ancient apostolate with pristine vigor.

Catholicism has inherited from Christ the legacy of peace for men. "Peace I leave with you: my peace I give unto you." That peace implies the mental satisfaction of one who has settled one's account with God. It may be possessed by one who carries the sword. It may be enjoyed by the beggar eating his slender crust. It may visit the convict in his lonely cell. But this deep peace is not possessed, nor given, by the world which knows not God. For it is a gift to those whose faculties are harmoniously fulfilling their Divine destiny.

If anyone doubts that Catholicism holds the keys of happiness and peace, let him consider its highest product, the saint. Let him reflect on the curious fact that somehow the epithet "unhappy" is never applied to a saint. We may speak of a contemplative saint, of an eloquent saint, but never of an unhappy saint. Such would be a contradiction in terms. Amid the severest rigors of mortification, amid the instruments of torture the saint retains his deep-seated happiness. Even in this life he begins his beatitude. Or let the doubter concerning Catholicism continue his studies by a first-hand consideration of those who on *a priori* grounds are supposed to have chosen an unhappy life. Let him visit a convent of nuns and he will observe that their faces are cheerful and their lives happy. Let him stand beside the death-bed of practising Catholics, and ask himself whether the Catholic religion has brought them no

solace, no happiness. Let him question those who have departed from the tribunal of Catholic penance, where the miracle of restoration to God's favor has been accomplished amid tears of joy. Let him question some poor Catholic charwoman who may tell him, as she told me, that her only happiness in life was found in her visits to a Catholic church.

The great influence of Catholicism on happiness is brought into bold relief by a comparison with paganism, ancient or modern. The student of human history will observe that in paganism there is joy on the surface, but sorrow and unhappiness beneath. In Christianity the sorrow is on the surface, but beneath there is an abiding peace. A modern pagan has written: "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilaean, the world has grown gray with Thy breath." But it is really with the breath of paganism that the world has grown gray. One has only to ask oneself whether the paganism at the coming of Christ was not sorrowful at the core. In an outburst of natural virtue a Juvenal puts forth an undying wail for the universal misery. Modern paganism, however pleasing a front it may show, is not less unhappy. Its smiling appearance only serves to disguise a broken heart; the worm that dieth not is preying on its vitals. Its apostle, Nietzsche, is one of the saddest figures in history. The fall of countries from Catholicism marks a change from a deep happiness to an underlying sorrow. The England that was "merrie" was Catholic England. The Continent that created the carnivals was a Catholic Continent, but the Continent which is losing hold of the Christian ideals is deluging the world with blood. Catholics were sufficiently pessimistic to recognize "this vale of tears," but they were optimistic enough to expect a heavenly Jerusalem, "a blissful vision of peace." They had the strong optimism resulting from the Christian belief that right and truth are on the winning side and will ultimately prevail, and that the unrighteous and untruthful are pieces of God's machinery gone astray, whose unfortunate fate it is to be crushed. "Either a believer, or unhappy," is a summary of Pascal's apologetic thought.

True just here this momentous question forces itself upon us. "Why does God allow his creatures to suffer so many evils?" If you ask the so-called advanced thinkers of our day they will attempt an answer, but the solution is not in their hands. Before the mystery they are reduced to childish explanations. But ask the little Catholic child taught the lessons of the Gospel, to solve the riddle, and, enlightened by a wisdom that neither Plato nor Nietzsche knew, he will answer: "Man is a sin-stained culprit whom God is punishing. A crime committed against the Creator at the very origin of our history has defiled us, deprived us of perfect happiness, and subjected us to sorrow, disease and death." Yet man by an imperious law of his nature looks for that felicity here below. He can attain it in part by embodying in his life the truth of Catholic teaching.

The American Drama

HENRY C. WATTS

AN interesting sidelight into one phase of American history is afforded by the exhibition of American drama which, with the cooperation of the Drama League of America, is being shown in the New York Public Library. The exhibits are chiefly books and manuscripts of plays, histories of the American stage, a series of posters going back considerably more than a hundred years, and portraits and engravings of famous actors and actresses. The exhibition gives a more or less connected consecutive history of the drama in the United States, and its value is both interesting and educational.

Curiously enough, the very earliest item in the American drama was not American but French. It was the first piece written and acted in North America, being presented on November 14, 1606. It was an allegorical play called "Le Theatre de Neptune en la Nouvelle France," and was written by Marc Lescarbot. The play appears in a volume of his works entitled "Les Muses de la Nouvelle France," which was printed in Paris in 1609.

The earliest, perhaps the first, of the plays in the English language written and printed in North America was a satirical farce written by Governor Robert Hunter of New York. This work, which bears the title of "Androboros, A Biographical Farce in Three Acts, viz., The Senate, The Consistory and The Apotheosis," is stated to have been printed at Monopolis on August 1, 1714. The play is evidently the echo of an ecclesiastical quarrel, for it develops into a satiric attack directed mainly against the entrenched power of Trinity Church in New York City. At that time the Episcopalians in the American Colonies were considered a part of the spiritual fold of the Bishop of London, and Governor Hunter's satire may be found to be an attack on privilege at that early date before the Revolution. "The Prince and the Patriot," which bears no name but is stated to have been written "By an American Gentleman," was printed in London in 1756. It is a drama which may contain allusions to the history of the time.

But there are two plays that call back old days, when the American Colonies were still subject to the British Crown. The first of these hardly comes under the heading of a play, though it was undoubtedly acted upon a stage. Its title is "An Exercise containing a Dialogue and Ode, sacred to the memory of his late majesty George II." The exercise was performed by the student body at the public commencement in the College of Philadelphia in May, 1761. This is an interesting early example of a play forming part of collegiate commencement exercises. Another play that may be mentioned in this connection is one entitled "The Military Glory of Great Britain." This formed part of an entertainment given by the late candidates for the bachelor's degree at the close of the anniversary commencement that was held in Nassau Hall, New Jersey, on September 29, 1762. This play was printed by William Bradford at Philadelphia in 1762.

The playwrights of America asserted themselves at about this period, and their works are a very important item in the literary history of the country. "Pontiack or The Savages of America" is a tragedy by Robert Rogers, that was printed in London in 1766. The play is in blank verse, and there is strong internal evidence that it was never intended for production on the stage. It deals with the deceptions practised on the Indians by the colonists, and is one of the most interesting of early American plays on account of its valuable contributions to Colonial history.

There appear to have been but two American plays produced on the professional stage prior to the Revolution. The first of these, "The Conquest of Canada or the Siege of Quebec," was the work of George Cockings, and was staged in Philadelphia in 1773; the other, "The Prince of Parthia," a tragedy, was written by Thomas Godfrey. "The Mercenary Match," a domestic tragedy

in blank verse by Barna Bidwell, was concerned entirely with native material, and had Boston for its setting.

The year of the Revolution was not without its dramatic significance. In 1776 there was printed at Philadelphia a tragic-comedy by J. Leacock which bore the very revolutionary title of "The Fall of British Tyranny or American Liberty Triumphant." This play bears the sub-title: "A tragic comedy in five acts as lately planned at the Royal Theatrum Pandemonium at St. James's, the presumed place of action in America." The writers of the Revolution period were not behind their military compatriots in their energy, and there is a group of plays from the pens of these Revolutionary satirists. One that is especially worthy of careful attention is written by an unknown author, and bears the title, "The Battle of Brooklyn: A farce in two acts performed at Long Island on Tuesday, August 27, 1776." The play itself was printed in book form in Edinburgh in 1777.

In the development of the national character the drama played a conspicuous part. It is surprising to find that during the reconstruction period American letters were by no means neglected, and many dramas dealing both with native and Revolutionary history were produced. "Tecumseh or the Battle of the Thames," a drama in five acts by Dr. Emmens, was printed in Philadelphia in 1836. There is a surprisingly large number of dramas covering this period, contrasting more than favorably with the dramatic production of our own generation. Some of these bear reminiscent titles: "Love in '76"; "The Cradle of Liberty or Boston in 1776"; and two in manuscript, "The Battle of Stillwater" and "The Battle of the Eutaw Springs," this last being a drama in five acts and dating from about the year 1790. David Trumbull wrote in 1845 a drama in five acts called "The Death of Captain Nathan Hale," and in "The Spy," a fragment by Freneau, a dramatic story circles around Benedict Arnold, who is the villain or hero—whichever it is—of several dramas. Nor was Pocahontas forgotten, for "Pocahontas or the Gentle Savage" came from the pen of John Brougham.

One of the most historically interesting features of this exhibit is the collection of theatrical posters, the earliest of them dating from 1791 and 1796. The earlier ones have the prices in English currency, when the price of a box was eight shillings, and in later days the prices are given in American currency. Seats were cheap then: for \$0.12½ a seat in the family circle could be obtained.

These posters will repay long and careful study, and with the help of a little imagination will bring up many a rare scene before the mental eye of the beholder. There is one poster in particular which is worthy to become a national treasure. It tells how James F. O'Connell, the celebrated tattooed man, who had lived for six years among the natives of the Ascension Islands, would make his third appearance on June 15, 1837, in a play specially written round his experiences.

From about 1850 on the national drama took on a very melodramatic turn. "Moll Pitcher, the Fortune Teller of Lynn," appears to have been a favorite, with its haunted house and other thrills, and was cheap at twenty-five cents for admission to the dress circle. Irish subjects too, came to be popular as the titles "St. Patrick's Eve," "The Irish Emigrant" and similar names show. Tragedies with historical subjects also found favor with the playwrights. There were two with the title "Thomas à Becket" and "Belisarius," "Cromwell," and "Anne Boleyn" are but a few of such tragedies. The earliest of these tragedies, "The Warden of Malabar," was acted in Philadelphia in 1790.

The collection of photographs and plates of famous American actors and actresses is an interesting feature in American dramatic history, and altogether the exhibit is of such comprehensiveness as to form a very pointed object-lesson in the history of American drama. A series of lectures is to be given on the drama, and a visit to the exhibition would form an excellent preliminary to attendance at the course.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

More about Julianne

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Concerning Father Blakely's "Is Julianne a Type?" in AMERICA for October 29, as I recall Dr. Coakley's article, that gentleman gave as one of the reasons why Julianne "painted," the fact that her mother painted. He did not attribute the painting entirely to Julianne's convent training, or to the lack of it, as the case may be. In any event, I admire Dr. Coakley's courage in venturing to write an article for AMERICA, suggesting that there could possibly be any defect in a Catholic school. I wish that more Dr. Coakleys wrote for AMERICA. It would be a relief from reading so many articles in exaggerated praise of Catholic schools and of Catholic institutions in general.

Indianapolis.

M. N. ASBURY.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The name Julianne, I take it, just now, if not generally, stands for a girl, educated in a convent school, who is rather frivolous and addicted to face-paint and extravagant dress. Of course, she has many sisters, not educated in convent schools, who may go by other names. We all know both her and her sisters. The history of one Julianne, whom I know, may be of interest.

Some thirty years ago, an Irish-Catholic man married a Protestant woman, a thing that *sometimes* happens even in this present enlightened age, although one would certainly think that the Catholic had temporarily left his light under a bushel and was using it as anything but a guide. However, that is a digression. This couple, at least, were not addicted to race suicide. Eleven children blessed their home, some of whom died in infancy. A few years after marriage, the woman became a Catholic and probably all of the children were baptized in the Catholic faith. There the matter ended for some years; for both the Irish Catholic and his wife drifted from the Church and sent their children to public schools. I cannot explain this anomaly. I can only state facts. Besides, my story has to do with Julianne, one of the daughters. Julianne was certainly wild, a trifle vain, fond of pretty clothes, and of cosmetics, as she grew older, but I do not deny that she was clever in many ways and good at heart. Perhaps all Julianne's are not so. This Julianne had many ambitions but I cannot dwell on all of them in this brief sketch. The one which most affected her life was a desire for a stage career. In fact, she actually tried to escape the confines of a rather comfortable home and embark on her hazardous career. This made the Irish Catholic think. I do not know whether the mother thought or not. At any rate, at no very distant day, Julianne was forwarded with her luggage to a quiet country home where a handful of gentle nuns were conducting an academic course. I doubt if Julianne had ever seen the inside of a parochial school, but she became very much in love with her new home and her teachers, although there she was forced to wear black and white and observe rules.

At the end of about two and a half years, Julianne returned home, having been graduated with credit. She was a very changed young lady, being something more than merely a pious Catholic. I may add, in passing, for the benefit of Dr. Coakley, that Julianne's graduation gown came from Paris. There is little, at present, to add to Julianne's history, as it is still in the making. She married, a few years later, a good Catholic man and her union has been blessed with several children, none of whom, I am quite sure, will ever see the inside of a non-Catholic school. I would also add, in passing, that Julianne had a brother who was of a disposition like her own. That is, he sought trouble of various kinds for his peace-loving parents. As a last resort, he too was sent to a

Catholic school and the Christian Brothers managed to bring him back to the Church of his fathers. So far as I know, these two children, who had a short time in Catholic schools, are the only members of this rather large family who ever look inside a Catholic church.

For all I can say to the contrary, Julianne may still use face-paint, when her babies spare her the time; she may still read light literature under the same circumstances; and I am quite sure she still likes pretty clothes. But the gentle Sisters who made no objection when her wealthy parents sent her a graduation gown from Paris, had seen to it that there was the heart of a Catholic woman beating beneath the gown and Catholic ideas behind whatever cosmetic Julianne had managed to use in the imaginary adornment of her girlish face. Julianne, adorned with rouge and Paris finery, has faults which she realizes and virtues of which she is unconscious. Julianne has a cold and correct sister who has few of her faults and none of her virtues, little of her weaknesses, and still less of her charity. But it is Julianne who is preferred by those who know both.

Washington.

T. L. F.

The Shoppers' Conscience

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your pages have instructed and interested your many readers, from time to time, on ethics for doctors, for lawyers, for politicians, for employers and employees, for teachers, and so on along the social list. Now could you not say something in behalf of us merchants that would quicken the consciences of our customers in regard to the manner in which so many of them seem to view their obligation of fair dealing, not to use any harsher terms for it?

Philadelphia.

L. S. D.

Cecil Chesterton in the Army

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It will doubtless interest your readers to learn that Mr. Cecil Chesterton, whose articles have appeared in AMERICA, has at last been able to join the English army. Since the beginning of the war he has repeatedly tried to become a recruit, but each time, owing to a physical defect, he was rejected. But Mr. W. Walter Crotch, the President of the English Dickens Society, lately informed me that Mr. Chesterton has now been accepted. His brother, Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, made similar attempts, but each time his elephantine form was rejected by the Board. "Indeed," he remarked to me after one of his failures, "I think these fellows are right. I really don't think that I would be of much use on a battlefield, except to act as a barricade!"

I am sure that Mr. Cecil Chesterton's admirers and friends in this country, those who know him through his articles or who met or heard him while he was lecturing in this country two years ago, will remember him in their prayers now that he has entered upon another and, as always, gallant adventure. Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton assumes the editorship of the *New Witness*.

New York.

LOUIS H. WETMORE.

Christian Art Magazines

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue of October 21, Mr. William Koehl, in a communication, expresses his regret that there are no magazines devoted exclusively to Catholic art. Any Catholic bookseller should be able to furnish him with *Die Christliche Kunst*, Munich, which has been published, to my knowledge, every month for over ten years. Then, too, there was "Christian Art," four volumes of which appeared under the direction of Ralph A. Cram, an acknowledged master in church architecture. For want of an appreciative clientele it eventually failed, but so long as it was published, it was, as far as I have seen, without an equal from an art standpoint.

Cincinnati.

B. A. L.

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1916

Entered as second-class matter, April 15th, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3d, 1879.

Published weekly by the America Press, New York.

President, RICHARD H. TIERNEY; Secretary, JOSEPH HUSSLEIN;
Treasurer, FRANCIS A. BREEN.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, POSTPAID:

United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$3.00
Canada, \$3.50 Europe, \$4.00

Address:

THE AMERICA PRESS, 59 East 83d Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

A Triumph of Law and Order

THE voice of the American democracy has spoken. Calmly and quietly millions of freemen have registered their verdict on a burning question which intimately affected their personal and civic welfare. Momentous issues had been placed before them. For several months American citizens had been constituted the jury which was to decide upon the worth and the merits of the two claimants who solicited from them the highest gift which it is in the power of the nation to bestow. The voters cannot now make the excuse that the case was not clearly stated, or that they were left in the dark as to the issues at stake. They understood our national problems, they cast their votes, and elected a President.

With regard to the result of the long-undecided contest, we have nothing to say. Every good American will accept it and bow to the decision of his peers. There is one feature, however, of the struggle of which every genuine patriot must be proud. That here and there, there will be mutual incriminations, accusations of fraud, electoral venality and trickery at the polls will surprise no one. But with the rarest exceptions, in every part of the country, in the quiet suburban districts as in the crowded city, law and order have been triumphant. In a crisis which to a great extent decides the destinies of the Republic for the next four years, and whose permanent influence may not perhaps be foreseen in its entirety, good sense, tolerance, self-control and respect for law have achieved a splendid victory. Divided as our citizens are by policies and by parties, all nevertheless felt that they were called upon to perform a great civic duty, peacefully. Proverbially tolerant and good-natured, they manifested that deference to the opinions of others, that mutual respect which befits men who, though differing in their views of platforms and programs, unite in love of their common home and country and hold one interest close to their hearts, its welfare.

On the bloodless battlefield where they met to decide the contest, they saw in each other not foes but fellow-citizens, and the ballots cast, retired from the field. One party triumphed over the other, and naturally celebrated its victory. But the American people are the real and the great victor. They have won a moral victory of respect for law, of civic tolerance and of manly submission to the will of the majority.

In such a triumph, the best qualities of the people stand forth in their finer proportions. For though there are in our civic and national life vices which the most fiery patriot must sincerely deplore, Americans are at bottom worthy of the liberty whose fate was a few days ago put into their hands. That liberty is a privilege and a blessing from which no true citizen wishes to debar his fellows. Hence, if a patriot or his party is beaten at the polls, the bitterness of defeat does not linger in his heart; if he is victorious, he does not use his victory to trample on his beaten foe. For he is an American.

The great electoral contest which we have just witnessed put a great strain on the patience, the forbearance, the good nature of the people; it tested their sense of justice. Americans have responded to the test in a manner that speaks volumes for their finer traits and augurs well for the stability and prosperity of the country.

London's "Popish" Shrines

AMONG the effects of the present war on the spirit and mentality of England perhaps there is none more revolutionary than London's recent addiction to wayside shrines that smack marvelously of downright "Popery." In the opinion of the Boston *Evening Transcript's* London correspondent, it is the English "Tommy" who is largely responsible for these shrines. During his campaigns in France and Flanders he has noticed the frequency of the wayside Calvaries, "which still keep alive in cruel times the savor of an Old-World piety." The correspondent continues:

These outward appeals to a primitive faith must needs awaken many thoughts in the minds of men who are thrown violently back upon the elemental facts of life and death, and a clear visualization, however crude or casual, of the greatest sacrifice in history cannot fail to touch the hearts of men who are challenging Eternity for the sake of others. . . .

Thomas with his keen eye for realities has noted how often the sacred emblem of the Crucifix has survived the battering of the German guns, and the destruction of village churches. . . . It is no wonder that this strange and haunting survival of the central image of Christianity has become almost a byword amongst the beholders.

On returning home for a spell on leave, these volunteers saw no reason why England should not have her wayside shrines, too. The soldiers found an unexpectedly in the Bishop of London, who proposed, notwithstanding murmurs of "Idolatry!" from Low-Church clergymen, that "the beauty and simplicity of the way-

side shrines in Catholic lands" should also become a familiar sight in England. London was the first to adopt the suggestion. In their simplest form these shrines consist of a roll of honor containing the names of the soldiers who have enlisted from the neighborhood, the list is surmounted by a short prayer, a little statue of St. George, the patron Saint of the parish, Our Lady and the Divine Child or even an unmistakably Popish Crucifix, while the flags of the Allies and vases of flowers complete the adornment of the shrine. In some instances the names of parishioners killed in action are headed by the letters "R. I. P.," thus countenancing prayers for the dead. From such sights as these the *Transcript's* correspondent concludes that in England "Religion is not merely coming into her own again, but she is reverting to ancient forms and symbols that have long been condemned as obsolete." To behold the Protestants of England spontaneously adopting religious practices which were holy commonplaces with their Catholic forefathers, but which the dour and heartless "Reformers" cast out as evil, is certainly full of significance. If one result of the present war is to prepare England for her return to Catholic unity it will only be another instance of the way God works out His high purposes through human suffering and brings good out of evil.

The Venerable Pillotherium

THE American Museum of Natural History has just announced the addition of the skeleton of a pillotherium to its valuable collection of prehistoric mammals. The pillotherium was found in Colorado by Walter Granger, associate curator of the department of vertebrate palæontology. The discovery of the animal which, it is said, was a rat-like creature, the size of a bear, is a fact, and as such will be welcomed by the scientific world. The statement, however, that the animal "was in its heyday between the years 2,998,084 and 2,498,084 B.C." will evoke a smile. Since the authorities are so vague as to the date when the gentle pillotherium flourished, that they allow a latitude of no less than 500,000 years, why are they so insistent on the last three figures, 084? Could the toothsome pillotherium's joyous heyday have come to an abrupt end at that exact date, owing to the persistent depredations of some mammoth mouser, a gigantic grimalkin that appeared on the scene as early, to be exact, as the year 2,498,083½ B.C.? This pretense at scientific accuracy is absurd. The next step will doubtless be to weave round these dates an argument to prove that the Biblical chronology is false, contradictory to the facts of science, and that therefore Holy Writ, and especially the first chapter of Genesis, is discredited.

The fixing of the age of the recent "find" is merely guesswork of a very extravagant kind, one that stretches the most willing credulity to the breaking-point; but even if it had solid foundation, even if the age of the pillotherium were as far removed in the distant past as

we are assured it was, it would not in any sense be in contradiction with the first chapter of Genesis. What Moses wishes to insist on is the fact that the origin of the world, and everything in it, is to be attributed to the creative act of God. With this statement Holy Scripture begins. The separation of all created things into the popular division of the heaven, the waters and the earth, and their further preparation for the use of man, are sketched by the inspired writer, not with the idea of giving a scientific description of the intimate constitution of things, but with the purpose of conveying to the Hebrew mind, in terms that would be intelligible, the important truth, that in the beginning all visible things were created by God. •

The Mosaic narrative does indicate six distinct phases of Divine activity, but it is not necessarily concerned with assigning the exact order of these phases or their duration. About the exact significance of the Hebrew term, which is translated in the Douay Version as day, there has been and is great diversity of opinion. St. Augustine does not interpret it in the sense of twenty-four hours, at least not consistently; nor do certain others of the Fathers and Doctors. Neither does the meaning of the word itself demand this sense, nor does the recent decision of the Biblical Commission insist on it. The Church has never defined its meaning; but has left it, and still leaves it to the exegetes to determine. The fact of creation is a dogma of the Faith; certain details connected with creation are not. Should geology or paleontology arrive at conclusions that are certain and exclude all doubt, the Church will accept them. But that day is not yet. In the meantime Catholics are free to accept any credible theory that essays to reconcile the Biblical cosmogony with the facts of science, provided such theories do not conflict with the general sense of the Mosaic narrative, are held with due reserve for the judgment of the Church, and are in accord with the analogy of faith.

Sanctifying Crime

CRIME has been committed in every period of human history. There have been ages when men were bad, knew it, and confessed their sin. They possessed at least the virtue of not seeking to gild their vice, and this was a saving trait which shows that faith had not died away entirely, though it was unproductive of good works. A nation which sanctifies its vices has reached the lowest depths of degradation, and God's judgment awaits it. This state of affairs came to pass in the decadent civilizations of paganism when men's favorite vices were deified. But such manifestations are not lacking in our own day. Wrapped about in the robe of righteousness and wearing the halo of martyrdom, the apostles of humanity are preaching, in the name of human liberty, the violation of all the Divine Commandments. Eugenists, Marxists, anarchists, Shavian idolaters and supermen of every kind have

their enthusiastic following. The laws of nature; the rights of man to life, limb and property; the principle of authority and the claims of an Almighty Creator upon his human creatures are not merely set aside, but the act of rebellion is surrounded with a stage-halo of glory. The angel of darkness is often transfigured into an angel of light.

This arouses our pity or our wrath, according to the education or position of the culprit, but it is a shock to behold a State union of labor, instituted for the defense of the just rights of the worker, degrading itself to the level of anarchism and glorying in its shame. It is in the labor union, if anywhere, that we should find the best manhood of a country. But apparently good men are becoming fewer each year.

In a letter sent out by the Indianapolis Iron Workers' Union an appeal is made to unionists in general to interest themselves in liberating the confessed criminal who dynamited the Llewellyn Iron Works, John J. McNamara, brother of the dynamiter of the *Times* building, where many lives were recklessly jeopardized and some were actually sacrificed. Nor is this appeal the result of impulsive sentimentalism. The members of the Indianapolis trade union leave us no ground for such a charitable interpretation. They cast the robe of sanctity around a most murderous act and proclaim that "Brother McNamara has been for years and still is an *honored member*" of their organization.

When the crimes of the McNamaras were confessed, and the world had somewhat recovered from the shock of the revolting revelation, people were not only willing, but anxious to believe that the funds of the union had been misused by a villainous clique who hired these professional anarchists without knowledge of the duped members of their trade union. The declaration now put forth in the name of the State union itself repudiates any such interpretation. It glories in the murderous deed and announces that John J. McNamara is and was an honored member of their brotherhood. At the same time it pledges its "loyalty and support" to the other "imprisoned brothers" who had distinguished themselves in these heinous violations of human and Divine law. Such is the ideal this trade union, embracing the entire State of Indiana, is presenting to its members.

We would not in our dreams accuse American labor in general of subscribing to such sentiments. Yet here is an undoubted, an authentic deification of crime by a great labor body. We have gone far on the downward path when such a thing is possible. It should give food for serious thought to all concerned in the welfare of this country. Catholic workingmen have an heroic battle to sustain to save the labor movement from anarchistic and socialistic propaganda. We must give them all possible support, for they will need it in the days to come. The law of God above all things! This must be the watchword of labor and capital alike. There is peril for that law in the signs of the times.

The Skeleton in England's Closet

IT would not stay hidden in the darkness. It has leaped forth gaunt and hideous to the light of day. All England has been frightened and disgusted with the repulsive apparition. It is the same monster which has deprived France of thousands of her children, robbed one of the fairest parts of the United States of the offspring of the Puritan, and is spreading crime, immorality and death in thousands of families and homes.

According to the Rev. E. J. Quigley in an article entitled "England's National Morals," written for the *Irish Theological Quarterly*, the declining birth-rate in England has long been a source of anxiety to politicians, and to those who in some way know its shameful causes, "a source of grief and shame." The National Council of Public Morals, an unofficial organization made up of leading men in church and State, but backed by the Government, has lately been studying the question.

The revelations made are of a startling and depressing character. Most of them are out of place in AMERICA. They show that the hideous thing that we know by the name of birth-control is making terrible inroads into the families of rich and poor alike and that if something is not done to stop the ravages of the moral plague, the words which Dr. Saleeby spoke before the Commission will be realized with far more truth than he himself expected: "We own an Empire which is almost empty. . . . I do not know how we are to continue to fly our flag over this Empire unless we people it." The eminent doctor's words will be understood in their full significance when we read that the birth-rate fell from 36.3 in 1876 to 23.8 in 1912.

The Commission wisely set to work to find out the origin of the frightful cancer which is eating out the heart of the nation. For Catholics there can be little doubt as to the paramount cause of the evil. It is in the generality of cases the desecration of the marriage bond, the shirking of the noble responsibilities of parenthood, the love of a life of pleasure, materialistic views of life, the loss of the fear of God, and as a consequence, a heart coarsened and defiled by the things of sense and the allurements of vice. But there are other causes and the Commission wisely points them out.

Undoubtedly in many cases large families are regarded as curses because, owing to the poverty of the wretched surroundings in which the children have to be brought up, parents, not otherwise corrupt, are loath to burden themselves with the cares and worries which children entail. Dwellings in which the wives of workmen can find a material incentive to the duties and responsibilities of motherhood, in cheerful surroundings and with the reasonable comforts which their offspring require, may not prove an altogether ineffective remedy, though only a partial one for the evil of birth-restriction. Nothing should be neglected which in its feeble way can help to stop the onrush of this curse. Husbands and

wives are certainly not guiltless, but their sin may be in some way, not indeed excused, but explained when they refuse to bring into the world children doomed to a premature death from want and disease in the miserable hovels in which they spend the few days of their wretched existence.

The workman deserves a decent home. It should be provided. Rightly then does the Commission call attention to the ever-present housing question and recommend that everything possible be done to provide the poor with a home. But the work should not end here. Neither husband nor wife can conquer sin without God's help. The Commission should provide the poor with homes and point the way to God.

Science in the School Program

"MY little girl," writes a college professor, in a recent number of a New York journal, "knows all about Carlyle and Kipling." This is not an ebullition of fond pride, pardonable in a parent, although without foundation, but the beginning of an indictment drawn against "modern education." But one wonders at the excessive note of grief sustained throughout the professor's complaint. Whatever may be said for Kipling, Carlyle is surely a character well worth study; and to know "all about Carlyle" is to have in hand the matter for a biography of that dour Scot, which the world will prize.

However, the professor is not put out, precisely because his little daughter is so unusually well equipped to

undertake, at no distant date, the compilation of adequate biographies of Kipling and Carlyle. In fact, so the reader gathers, he might reconcile himself to his daughter's affliction, did the child possess even an elementary knowledge of the first steps in science. "If she knows anything about the sun and the moon," he mourns, "her knowledge is not derived from her school teachers." These benighted schoolmen have kept the youngster on the sparse diet of Burke, Kipling and Carlyle, whereas, explains the professor, "a very few story-tellers will amply suffice for the world's needs."

This last sage observation induces the canny suspicion that, if the little girl is in ignorance regarding "the sun and the moon," her scientific father is somewhat in the dark on certain points of literature. To class Burke and Carlyle with the "story-tellers" is a rash act, calculated to make the judicious grieve. Perhaps the moral of the professor's plaint is found in the rather threadbare conclusion, which, however, he neglects to draw, that every well-balanced school program ought to mix literature and science in suitable proportions. There would seem little danger in these days that science might fail to receive its due proportion, yet the danger was never greater. Winding armatures is not physics, nor is mixing the contents of test-tubes chemistry; and to train a child's fingers, while neglecting his mental reactions, is most certainly not to teach him science. Usually it is an excellent training in mental shiftlessness. But it is common enough today, and to this extent the professor's complaint that the typical modern school does not teach science, is fully justified.

Literature

THE IRISH REVIVAL

IT is as difficult to point out the exact moment at which any movement begins, as to assign the precise date on which the forces of winter are definitely routed by the bright-clad hosts of the vanguard of spring. But many will agree with Ernest A. Boyd, the author of "Ireland's Literary Renaissance" (Lane), that on the day when James Standish O'Grady discovered, while poring over the rugged but inspiring pages of O'Halloran's "History of Ireland," that his country had a splendid but much-neglected past, the movement known as the "Irish Literary Renaissance" was begun. It did not, however, take definite shape and form until 1878, when O'Grady published the "Heroic Period" of his own "History of Ireland." It would be hard to exaggerate the importance and the influence of this work. It made at once a stirring and solemn appeal to the imagination and the heart of the Irish people. Keating, O'Donovan and O'Curry had, it is true, embraced the field of Irish history, but they had surveyed the ground in the light of scholars and antiquarians. O'Grady was to retouch the theme and bathe it in the golden light of poetry and romance. These older historians had excavated from the rich soil of Erin's past mounds of precious ore, but these had long stood "in gaunt uselessness." The hand of a deft craftsman was needed to chisel all this wealth

into artistic beauty, into the sharp-lined cameo, and the nobly set gem of lasting literary form. In poetry the "first flutterings" of the Irish spirit in English literature had been heard in the Melodies of Moore. Then the stirring notes of the trumpet voice of Davis carried the hopes of a whole people, their fears and their hate, into every home in Ireland.

Before O'Grady was to reconstruct the heroic past of his country, two poets, James Clarence Mangan and Sir Samuel Ferguson, had already turned the attention of their countrymen to a storied age and shown them that in the bardic songs, in the ballads of the Gael, in the folk-tales as old as the race itself, they had a great literature in the native tongue, which should now be recast in the language of another people though still preserving all its beauty and compelling charm.

Mangan had been true to this inspiration by fits and starts only, but at times with real flashes of genius. Ferguson had not the fire, the imagination, the pathos of Mangan. But the vast store of Celtic lay, story and song proved for him a more constant and steady source of inspiration. If his work seldom reaches the height of emotion and that standard of rhythmic perfection reached in Mangan's "Dark Rosaleen," it preserves on the whole a steadier flight. While the legendary history of Ireland had never been forgotten among the people, and the bardic melodies had been constantly sung at the fireside and were known to

thousands, it was to Ferguson that the honor fell of making them largely known in Anglo-Irish literature. It was from him that English readers learned in a form worthy of the subject the tragic story of the House of Usnach, of Naisi and Deirdre, and of the mighty deeds of the Irish Hector, Cuchulain.

O'Grady, the professional historian, goes a step further than the poet. Cuchulain, Naisi and Deirdre are not for him mere poetical and legendary personages. They live as the great protagonists of the epic age of Ireland. They are really and in the flesh his ancestors, of his blood and race. He sees them fighting their titanic battles, living, struggling with pathetic tragedies, suffering their doom on the plains which he knows so well, by the shore of the rivers and the lakes whose waters sparkle under his very eyes. It is no wonder then that both in his "History" proper, in his novels such as "Red Hugh's Captivity," and in his "Bardic History," he attains a force and power of visualization, a Homeric sweep and picturesqueness of phrase which become at times a startling revelation to the reader.

The trend of the Irish Revival as manifested by this original writer was decidedly noble and along the true lines. For there are in the past history of Ireland, pagan and Christian, all the elements of a great literature. There was first of all a really noble people. That is the very foundation of all high art. In the Irish people, imagination, sensibilities, affections, intellect, heart were of finest mold. Laws, customs, ceremonial recalled by their simplicity and rugged sincerity the days of the patriarchs and the heroes of the Iliad and the Odyssey. In their passionate and rich nature, ever amenable to the highest call of duty, responsive to its inspirations and most lofty idealism, answering every mood of tender compassion for the weak and of chivalrous opposition to tyranny and injustice, they presented to the poet and the story-teller one of the most fertile fields for study and analysis. And the writers of the Erin of the past, whose echoes the men of the Renaissance are anxious to recall and revive, had for the scenes of their battles, their forays and their feasts what appeared to be an enchanted land, where poetry seemed to have reared its temple by marge of lake and river and in those mysterious dells, where elf and sprite and pixie and the mischievous but lovable imps of legend were believed to have made their home. The physical features of Ireland were the fit and natural haunts of poesy. Greece itself was not more favored. For the noblest panorama was forever before the poet's eyes: mountains garbed in mystic clouds, lakes of bewitching beauty strewn like a chaplet of pearls over the vesture of a queen, rivers tracing their curving arabesques where light and shadows blended, vales of more than Arcadian loveliness deep-hollowed in the heart of the hills, and around the enchanted isle the great ocean everywhere stretching its arms to clasp those emerald shores in its strong but loving embrace and ever singing its deep-toned but tender lullaby. The instrument the people used, the language of the Gael, was rich, musical, flexible, capable of running the full gamut of passion, while in the power it had to paint certain phases of emotion, the love of home, the tender relations of family and domestic life, the martial strains of war and all the sudden turns of thought of a race proverbially quick to seize the hidden purposes of friend or foe, it was well-nigh unsurpassed.

A return then to the ways of the Gael, to his high idealism, to the virility, the tenderness, the quaint humor, to the laughter and the tears, to all the nobility of the older generation, is to be heartily welcomed. Where the Irish Revival has done its best work, these qualities greet us, as in those distinctively Celtic poems of Katharine Tynan, "The Pursuit of Diarmid and Grainne," "The Fate of King Fergus," and in those where the religious element predominates, as in "St. Francis to the Birds." The old Gaelic note has also been struck by Douglas Hyde, who, though not a Catholic, has nevertheless in that precious anthology, "The Religious Songs of Connacht," preserved for us a wonderful treasure, where the heart and the faith of a people speak

with a depth, eloquence and a quaint and winsome simplicity that reveal a strong but finely fibered race. It may be heard also in the humble note of Joseph Campbell's "The Gilly of Christ," and in Miss W. M. Letts's "Songs of Leinster." It vibrates with a more classic chord in the hands of Lionel Johnson, who, though an Englishman by birth, was swept into the eddies of the Irish Revival, and in the death-dirge of gallant Thomas MacDonagh cut off ere he could grow to perfect poetic manhood, it wailed a solemn and tragic note, the song of the swan fluting its last melancholy notes with eyes lifted to the brightening skies.

But other voices have been heard with greater insistence and in certain circles at least with more popularity and favor. Though they are to a great extent the best-known representatives of Anglo-Irish letters, they have nevertheless been in many ways false to the finest ideal of the Celtic literature which they are so anxious to revive. That William Butler Yeats, Arthur Millington Synge, Lady Gregory, George Moore and other lesser lights, have literary gifts, much as we must reject their philosophy of life in general and their distorted and coarse views of Irish life and character, it would be absurd to deny. At the same time, their talents have been grossly overrated. Like the sorry hero of George Moore's "Lake," they have left behind them the sacred vesture of genuine Celtic poesy and plunged into the turbid streams of doubt, coarseness, ribaldry and sensualism. If the Irish Revival is to succeed in giving to Ireland an Anglo-Irish literature truly representative of the nobler spirit of the people, it must not be left in the hands of the men of the school of Synge with his low caricature of Irish life in "Riders to the Sea," or his repulsive "Tinker's Wedding." The "Where There Is Nothing" of W. B. Yeats will show to what emptiness such leadership would condemn it. And how can a real Irish Revival be helped by that dilettante in depravity and pseudo-gospel criticism who has used his talents, whatever they be, to besmirch with his coarse sneer that one Sacred Name which, in spite of trials and persecution and blood, untold sufferings and tragic woes, Ireland's sons have never as a nation or a people betrayed or blasphemed?

These are not the men whom Ireland wants to guide her in the great movement which she longs to see crowned with results worthy of a great and heroic history. They are not of the stock from whom salvation will come. Their efforts, if not counteracted by a return to the brave, the chivalrous, the soul-uplifting traditions of the soil, will Ibsenize and Zolaize the new movement, steep it in the malodorous miasmas of Shaw and Baudelaire and in the vaporous but dangerous mysticism of Maeterlinck. Unfortunately, however, this is what Mr. Boyd, excellent as his book is in other respects, fails to discern.

But the stories of Maeve, Fergus, Ferdia, Conchobar, Laeg, the brave epics of Ultonia, the deeds of Ireland's kings and heroes, pagan or Christian, the ballads and the lays of a noble people, the ways of the peasantry such as a Kickham or a Sheehan can depict them with their weaknesses but also with their splendid virtues, the simple songs that Ethna Carbery can lilt—these are ever welcome; in them are to be found the true sources of that inspiration which brings the movement to the only result worthy of the Irish people.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S. J.

REVIEWS

The Elements of the Great War. The Second Phase: The Battle of the Marne. Illustrated with Diagrams. By HILAIRE BELLOC. New York: Hearst's International Library Co. \$1.50.

Those who have read the first volume of Hilaire Belloc's "Elements of the Great War" will welcome the second instalment of the series. No one will question his qualifications for such a work. His familiarity with history and historical methods, his acknowledged reputation as a master of tactics, and the singular opportunities he has had for visiting the entire scene of conflict and of interviewing those who were engaged at all parts of the

long battle-line enable him to speak with undoubted authority on a subject that has puzzled the minds of military observers more, perhaps, than any other event in the various campaigns. Mr. Belloc makes no secret of the shortcomings of his work, which are due mainly to the censorship exercised by the Allied war-offices over all reports and the secrecy they have maintained with regard to important details. But when due allowance has been made for possible minor corrections to be made later in the light of fuller information it will be generally acknowledged that he has given a credible and satisfactory account of the events that led up to the Battle of the Marne, halted the victorious and seemingly irresistible German invasion of France, precipitated the marvelous retreat to the Aisne and the line of the Suippe, and falsified the predictions of experts as to the methods of modern warfare. The Battle of the Marne is in Mr. Belloc's opinion the most surprising thing in the whole course of the war, and the most far-reaching in consequences. He does not hesitate to declare that "It is not rash to say of the Marne that it should stand out alone among the great decisions in human history as a whole." Here and there are to be found characterizations of methods of thought and action that will not be pleasing to those who sympathize with Prussia; but even these personal prepossessions have not diverted Mr. Belloc from his purpose of giving a fair and impartial description of events as he has been able to ascertain them. Mr. Belloc's work is the clearest, the most detailed, and the most satisfactory account that has yet appeared in English of what is the most perplexing and in many ways, the most important event in the war.

J. H. F.

The Life of the Caterpillar. By J. HENRI FABRE; Translated by ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS, Fellow of the Zoological Society. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

Bird Friends. A Complete Bird Book for Americans. By GILBERT H. TRAFTON. With Illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$2.00.

Mr. Teixeira has done a noble work in bringing to the notice of English-speaking peoples the marvels of J. Henri Fabre's "Souvenirs Entomologiques," from which he has made this his sixth volume. It is as if the caterpillars envied the bee its Homer and challenged the singer to make an Odyssey of their own adventures, for Fabre presents, in the pages of this book, the story, strange almost to weirdness, of the caterpillar that we crush so thoughtlessly under foot, and tells the tale so entertainingly that the book reads like a novel. But the accuracy of the author's observations precludes deception and "The Life of the Caterpillar" is a scientific work of the highest value. Again and again Fabre makes long and painstaking experiments to come to the conclusion that "a paltry moth follows the harmonious laws of order." He sees the perfect symmetry and beauty with which the pine bombyx lays out her rows of eggs and wonders if all this "enters into the plan of an Eternal Geometer." He sees the psyche moth, so ugly and misshapen, representing to the black bombyx the "last word in beauty," and he can only say, "Beauty lies in lovers' eyes." He sees the female great peacock moth attract her male admirers despite all obstacles and concludes that odor, like light, has its X-rays. He sees the psyche moth decapitate itself to let the young ones live, and says "It staggers the mind of any one who knows how to think." It is too bad that so good a book was not proof-read more carefully. For this Catholic scientist's works are the best of antidotes for such charlatans as Haeckel.

Both the harm and the good done by birds is carefully recorded by Mr. Trafton in the second of the above-mentioned books, and the good is proved to preponderate by far. Every topic connected with bird economy is at least touched upon, authorities are quoted to substantiate almost every claim, and suggestions are given for further experiments. The author has a slight leaning toward the theory of evolution, but he does not obtrude it.

He aims above all else to be interesting and practical and succeeds admirably in both objects. Our birds need protection and care and it is just such a book as Mr. Trafton has written and just such enthusiasm as the book breathes that will do a great deal to protect our "Bird Friends."

C. L. B.

French Perspectives. By ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.25.

Miss Sergeant loves France as *quelque chose à part dans le monde*. Hers, of course, is not the Paris of the cafés and the boulevards; a native New Englander, college-bred, devoted to literary and sociological observation, with a wide acquaintance in the literary, artistic and university worlds of ante-bellum France, she portrays, in a series of vivid, moving sketches, such widely divergent types as she saw and "savored" in a cosmopolitan *pensionnat*, in bourgeois families of academic affiliations, in the hidden but heroic lives of Parisian working girls, in the bucolic recreations of free-thinking professors, and among priests, poets and people in the enchanted land of Provence. Through such cross-sections of French life and character, she seeks to reveal the power of France's ancient every-day virtues, especially "her 'professional conscience,' that love of work for work's sake, that passion for technical perfection, that scrupulous patience in carrying things through," by dint of which, she ardently believes, France will come forth resurgent from her present ordeal by fire. As a sociologist, she presents her data concretely, through deftly wrought episodes and bits of dialogue and by suggestion. Through her style runs a haunting but elusive rhythm, elevated by a dramatic sense vibrant with life, a delicate and infectious humor, and a power of phrasing so remote from the commonplace and the cliché as to rank, not inaptly, with the best modern French masters of the *croquis*: Bourget, Barrès and Bazin.

Of a book so charming and sincere as "French Perspectives," it seems almost ungracious to suggest that its only fault is a certain lack of true perspective. The author's observant eye, over-exercised in environments "Catholic though by no means clerical," is slightly dazzled by the artificial light of the rationalist *intellectuels*. To things Catholic, indeed, her incidental references are sympathetic. Yet, of the forces that first shaped and still produce that deeper strength and dignity she so much admires in the *âme française*, she has but dimly discerned the cumulative effect of Catholic thought and tradition from the ages of faith. M. Loisy, too, she might more justly appraise if, from a truer standpoint, she could see that, as a theologian, he is notoriously *minus habens*, distinguished for temerity rather than for breadth or acumen, and that, even in critical and historical lore, countless other equally erudite *savants* have found no reason to break with France's memorable and Catholic past.

G. H. D.

Lady Connie. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. New York: Hearst's International Library Co. \$1.50.

The Leatherstocking God. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. New York: The Century Co. \$1.35.

Here are two novels, very different in method, but similar in the high order of their excellence. Both are clean, clever, well-constructed. The former mounts to a more dramatic climax and sinks away into a more satisfying conclusion; the latter is more lifelike, less conventional, and possessed of subtler stylistic qualities. The English story is built on the narrative plan, and depends for its interest and its progression mainly on what the author tells the reader about the characters; Mrs. Ward is everywhere at one's side, interpreting the emotions of the actors, and telling a tale that took place in the past. The American story proceeds by way of dialogue and has for the source of its power the self-portrayal of the participants in the action; Mr. Howells effaces himself, one is scarcely conscious of his presence at all,

the persons concerned in the tale stand out by the expression of their own individuality, their characterization is effected by their own words and deeds.

The first is a love story. Lady Constance and Douglas Falloeden, who almost wrecks her happiness but finally completes it, are both wilful, with flaws of character, but they work out their destinies in the classic atmosphere of Oxford, and finally through suffering, their own and that of others for which they are responsible, they attain to moral maturity. The *crise* and the plot conform to type, it is only the skill with which they are handled that lifts them above mediocrity. There are several minor characters that are delicately drawn. But it is idealization that gives the book its charm. The second story, "The Leatherwood God," is an imaginative amplification of the actual events that resulted in a violent religious upheaval in a remote village in Ohio. The scene is laid in a little town just emerging from pioneer days, and the action revolves around the attempt, successful for a time but in the end a failure, of a clever impostor to set himself up as Christ and God. Unfortunately there is a deal of blasphemy in the tale, not the author's, however, but that of the various characters, for they are very real and give evidence of having been copied from life. The author has made no effort to soften their angles or remove their crudities, nor is he at pains to shape the attitude of the reader. It is a strange story, built upon a substratum of fact, but nevertheless "effectively fiction," remarkably well told, and adding another claim to Mr. Howells' already strong hold on the title of dean of American novelists.

J. H. F.

Your Boy and His Training. By EDWIN PULLER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

The Practical Conduct of Play. By HENRY S. CURTIS. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

"Assuming the bionomic law," writes G. Stanley Hall, "infant growth means being loaded with paleoatavistic qualities in a manner more conformable to Weissmannism, embryonic growth being yet purer, while the pubescent increment is relatively neoatavistic." Unless one sits at his desk, with puzzled head between resolute hands, this passage is apt to remain somewhat obscure. But when Mr. Puller writes that "obedience is the fundamental law of child training, and upon it the development of future character is predicated," one has some hope for young William. Be his traits neoatavistic or even paleoatavistic, his parents, if they will but train him to habits of obedience from the very beginning, may feel fairly sure of making a man out of him. The beginnings of much delinquency Mr. Puller traces to homes presided over by "spineless parents," whose methods of government he scores as "slovenly, inconsistent, and wishy-washy." In his opinion, nearly every moral derelict can trace his failure in life to disobedience in childhood. Regretting that the public schools can give "no comprehensive moral training," although "the true function of education is first of all to build strong character," Mr. Puller asks that this deficiency be met as far as possible, by better homes and more active religious influences. Catholics will probably question incidental statements, but on the whole, Mr. Puller has written a book both suggestive and profitable to all who are engaged in the tremendously important work of turning the harum-scarum boy into a wise, good and healthy man.

Despite such bits of philosophy as assigning the child's love of a swing to "a reminiscence of our tree-top homes" in the days when our ancestors bridged leafy chasms by swinging from one another's tails, Mr. Curtis has written an excellent book. Sensible and practical in the main, its primary appeal is to playground organizers and play-leaders, but teachers and parents will also find it useful. On page 276, quite incidentally, perhaps unintentionally, Mr. Curtis pointedly states one of the strongest arguments against coeducation.

P. L. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert's pamphlet "Spiritistic Phenomena and Their Interpretation" (Catholic Union Store, Buffalo, \$0.20) is an authoritative summary of the errors and dangers of Spiritism. After describing the facts and the phenomena of the cult the author enlarges on their interpretation and reaches the conclusion that modern Spiritism is but "a revival, in scientific and systematic form, of that practice of necromancy and magic with which most pagan races were and are only too well acquainted." For the real phenomena of Spiritism the devil is responsible and the rest is fraud. The most interesting pages in the pamphlet are those describing the dreadful effects of the practice of Spiritism on the minds, the bodies and the morals of all who take it up. Mr. Raupert is prepared to lecture on Spiritism to Catholic audiences.

"Belle Jones" (Dutton, \$0.50), whose story Allen Meacham tells, was a commonplace drudge until she heard a minister preach on the first five words of Ephesians ii:10, which he translated "For we are His poems." Belle was told that "An individual, like an immortal poem, must have inspiration, apprehension, revelation; he must be rhythmical, musical and delightful." So she determined to be a poem of that kind and succeeded. The reader will wonder why Belle did not spend some of her earnings to repair her shiftless father's shack.—The literary executor of Mark Twain has done him no kindness in publishing "The Mysterious Stranger," a pessimistic, cynical and blasphemous story which was found among the late "humorist's" papers. Nor is it probable that the author of "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" would thank Harper and Brothers for bringing out this dangerous book as an attractive-looking holiday volume, presumably for children to read.

Miss Katherine Brégy has edited for the Philadelphia Center of the Catholic Theater Movement, 21 South Thirteenth Street, a "Juvenile Play Catalogue" (\$0.25) which Catholic teachers are sure to find of great value. Thirty pages are filled with the titles and short descriptions of suitable plays of various kinds that boys and girls can present and practical suggestions for amateur managers are added.—In "La Belle France" (Allyn & Bacon) Adolphe de Monvert has composed an admirable French reader for beginners. The book records the impressions of two Americans traveling through France and is everywhere marked by simplicity, ease of diction and good taste. The student who masters it under a competent guide will get a practical working vocabulary, will learn a great deal about France, its history and its people and will no doubt conclude that it must be one of the most beautiful countries in the world. The illustrations are excellent. The Catholic Church, its practices, its priests, and religion are everywhere spoken of with the greatest reverence and sympathy.

Most of us probably take for granted that our present-day system of circulating libraries is a product of the modern mind. Prof. E. Boyd in his "Public Libraries and Literary Culture in Ancient Rome" (University of Chicago Press) has proved the contrary. Relying on citations from forty Latin and Greek authors, besides the testimony of many inscriptions, he has shown that in the early days of the Empire Rome boasted of twenty-nine magnificent buildings where the literary treasures of Rome were stored. It is quite a revelation, in these days of card-index systems and scientific cataloguing, to find in the ancient libraries a system of cataloguing and circulating books which is marvelous in its accuracy of detail. These libraries too offered opportunities for research and reference and could boast of reading-rooms which were the center of the literary

culture of the time. The book closes with a brief description of the schools, book-shops, baths, literary circles and private libraries, all of which contributed to the culture of the early Empire. The book is to be commended as a model of careful original research on a topic of great interest to the classical world.

"The Triumph of Tim" (Doran, \$1.40), Horace Annesley Vachell's latest novel, is not the hero's success as a rancher and land speculator in California, nor as an artist in France, but rather it is the abandonment of his pursuit of a married woman. The story is too long and its plot and treatment rather sordid.—"Apauk, Caller of Buffalo" (Houghton, Mifflin Co., \$1.25) by James W. Schultz gives a vivid picture of Indian life. It contains all the thrills of the conventional Indian story, together with accurate information as to Indian austerity and self-denial.—The praiseworthy purpose Cyrus Townsend Brady had in writing the eleven little sketches that make up "a Christmas fantasy" entitled "And Thus He Came" (Putnam), was no doubt to show how Our Lord is present as a comforter or as a warner in the crises of men's lives. But the chapters in which Catholics figure are in decidedly bad taste, to take no higher ground. Dying priests do not behave as the author describes them.

With no special qualifications of an historian, made apparent in the writing of Farnum Bishop's "Our First War with Mexico" (Scribner, \$1.25) a quality akin to prejudice lurks in the passages, "Throughout the war the Church behaved in the most selfish and unpatriotic manner" and "It had taken the American invasion to make the common people of Mexico realize how weak and worthless was the army and how selfishly unpatriotic the Church that had ruled and plundered them since the days of Iturbide." We Catholic readers may join in this prayer: "May there never be another!" while they parody his words: "It is taking the American occupation to make the world realize how rude and ruthless is the Freemasonry that had held power in Mexico since the days of one Joel Poinsett."—"With the Turks in Palestine" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.25) by Alexander Aaronson, is a book well worth the reading. Being a late book on the present war it gives us an insight into military conditions in the Far East, and besides detailing the campaign of the Turks in Asia Minor, the author describes their low moral standards.

"Hold on, hold fast, hold out. Patience is genius," an apothegm attributed to Fra Savonarola, is printed on the cover of the coming year's "Impressions Calendar" (Paul Elder, San Francisco, \$0.60) and among the best poems on the tastefully printed panels are these lines of Richard Le Gallienne:

I meant to do my work today—
But a brown bird sang in the apple tree,
And a butterfly fluttered across the field,
And the leaves were calling me.
And the wind went sighing over the land
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand,
So what could I do but laugh and go.

And in the closely packed pages of the new "Catholic Calendar" (Mt. Carmel Guild, Buffalo, \$1.00) there is no finer poetry than Thomas Edward Brown's stanza:

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contented that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

EDUCATION

The Christian Doctrine Hour

DOES the study of Christian doctrine merely mean to the child a rather dreary hour spent in learning and reciting uninteresting questions and answers out of a well-worn catechism? Is it a time more or less frankly dreaded? If so, only a hasty judgment would lay the whole blame on the child. Children frankly dislike routine and faulty presentations made even more unattractive by the teacher's lack of sympathy and understanding. The catechism hour should be full of interest and life, not after the manner of "camp-meeting," but so managed as to attract and not repel the child, or even leave him indifferent. This, surely, was the method Our Lord favored. By means of stories and object lessons, He drove home the facts He wished to impress on His hearers.

THE TEACHER'S WORK

THERE is an old and well-founded belief that restlessness and inattention on the part of the pupil is, to a great extent, the fault of the teacher. Perhaps there is an insufficient command of the matter in hand, or a lack of love of the work, or of a sympathetic understanding of the difficulties of the child. Enthusiasm is infectious, and a child studying under an enthusiastic teacher can scarcely fail to make rapid progress. If, on the contrary, the teacher is disaffected, preoccupied, or ill-prepared for her work, is it remarkable that the results are mirrored in her frankly bored pupils?

Two things are of primary importance, the preparation of the teacher, and the manner in which the subject is presented to the pupil. Of the first, Austin O'Malley, in his "Keystones of Thought," says, "The cause of failure in many teachers is that they mistake what is a mission from God, for a trade." This work that touches souls is sacred. It is ordinarily from the parents or from the teacher, that the child first learns of God, and the whole after life bears witness to the purity and vigor of early impressions. It is the teacher's task to light in the soul a vigil lamp of faith and love, that will shine over the tumbled waters of temptation and guide the child out of darkness.

CAREFUL PREPARATION

A CAREFUL preparation for every class is absolutely necessary. The catechism time may be made a happy story-hour, the stories teaching deeper lessons than the child could otherwise learn. Explanations, it is true, must be given, and here great care is needed. The teacher may involve the answer in a tangled mass of "whys," using many words, but leaving a confused impression on the child's mind; or the explanation may be simply and concisely given, and the whole illustrated by means of an example or story. Obviously, the stories are better if literally true. The Old Testament, the life of Our Lord, and Church history, furnish an almost inexhaustible supply.

Even the teaching of prayers gains an added effectiveness from the use of the story method. The little ones listen eagerly to the story of Our Lord's lonely night on the hills. With the Apostles, they seek Him at the dawn, and watch Him as He prays. He is so beautiful, so full of gladness, that they beg Him as the Apostles did, "Master, teach us how to pray." Then the big words of the Lord's Prayer have a clearer meaning, and the prayer can be explained as the words are taught. The Hail Mary will never be forgotten if it is first known through the story of the Angel's visit, and the Apostles' Creed becomes a storehouse of explanatory stories, and in the end, a song of triumph to the child who begins to realize though dimly the real meaning of the beautiful prayer. The average child knows too little of the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is a necessary part of every Sunday's routine, and means carrying a prayer

book, and kneeling or wriggling through a long hour. The *Ite missa est* at its close, though not understood, is plainly welcome.

OBJECT LESSONS

THERE are many ways of making the children love the Mass. If the Sunday-school teacher is fortunate enough to have a little room apart for her class, she can use a miniature altar, made of light wood or substantial pasteboard, and illustrate the Mass by practical examples. Tiny altar vessels are easily obtainable, and but little skill is required to utilize bits of silk and linen for the manufacture of small vestments and an altar equipment. The tabernacle, made of a tiny box, may have its door of pasteboard, its silk curtains and carefully lined interior, and the place and shape of the altar stone may be marked on the table of the altar. Then little by little the Holy Sacrifice may be explained. The altar, the tabernacle, the crucifix, the chalice, the ciborium are themselves a lesson, and the story of their use can be made doubly interesting by many a tale of the early days of persecution and terror. Stories of the vestments and their meaning follow, and then comes the Mass, with its beautiful ceremonies explained by the use of the little model. The children become keenly interested, and when, as a reward of merit, one is allowed to prepare the miniature altar for Mass or Benediction, the intelligent work done tells its own story. There is little restlessness after that, on Sundays or other days in attendance at Mass, and love grows out of knowledge. The method is a good one to use in the training of little altar boys, as well.

STRIVING TO INTEREST

THE teacher may add to her own store of knowledge by the study of one or more of the standard works on the Mass, by Gehr, and others. It is undoubtedly true, that many Sunday-school teachers come to their work tired after a week of hard activity, little relishing any added work in the labor of love they have made their own. As one teacher was overheard to remark, "I never thought of such a thing as making catechism interesting, and was rather surprised to learn that it could be done." But the fascination of the work grows as one's interest increases, and one is richly repaid, by the wider sweep of personal knowledge as well as by the love and eager enthusiasm of the children.

M. A. GARNETT.

SOCIOLOGY

The Gospel of Humanity

TOO many graduates of State universities draw from their courses in political economy and sociology an unsafe scheme of life, to serve as their guide in the practical world. It is the "gospel of humanity," preached to them by radical professors who assume, as a matter of course, that all that is old is "reactionary" and bad. One hears a great deal in these courses about the supreme importance of material progress, and the gradual evolution of the race from the darkness of intellectual bondage and superstition. The divine nature of man is a cardinal dogma, and many references are made, *en passant*, to "worn-out creeds that no thinking person of today can accept."

THE NEW TENETS

SUCH statements, stressed by plausible talkers, appeal to the impressionable mind of youth, eager to learn the latest thought, and to be considered fully "up-to-date." One is never so impatient of restraint as during the college years; and it is small wonder that callow students who attend such courses and discussions often suffer a loss of faith, never to recover that faith in after life. "What is the use of bothering about an improbable hereafter, which we do not know anything about?" these

apt pupils say. "The only immortality that is real, is the good that we do on earth. Is not a life devoted to furthering the progress of humanity for humanity's sake, a progress that consists of the happiness of material comforts and well-being, infinitely more unselfish than the life of a believer, who is filled with solicitude for the welfare of his own soul, and who does good deeds with the idea of some future reward? The race is immortal, not the individual; and as for sin, it is an offense not against God, but against the self-respect of a divine humanity."

FALSE IDEALS

THE college graduate who goes out to battle with the world, arrayed in the armor of such a code, will find it unavailing against the pitiless onslaught of temptation. There are hours when only an overwhelming appreciation of the value of the human soul and a deep sense of the responsibility of the individual to God, can guide to safety. Mere devotion to "humanity," or even a keen sense of "self-respect" will not suffice; for such ideals founded on materialism, will, if carried to a logical conclusion, crush out the finer spiritual sense of the individual who adopts them. This is an age when the difference between right and wrong is shaded. There is much talk of the rights of man, little of his duties. "Right" and "wrong" are considered mere points of view.

WEAKENED RESPONSIBILITY

ONE hears much of the sins of society, little of the sins of the individual; for sin is thought a disease, the responsibility for which should be laid at the doors of organized society. In times of lessened individual responsibility, one would wish for more of the moral backbone of Puritan days, when black was black and white, white. The graduate, hearing everything excused, finishes by excusing himself. Cardinal Newman, who saw the birth of the gospel of humanitarianism, and the doctrine which substitutes self-respect for conscience, discusses its essential superficiality and its logical effect upon its followers in his "Knowledge and Religious Duty." "If the principle which determines what is virtuous is not conscience, but taste," he says, "it would be natural to suppose that what looks fair will be good, what causes offense will be evil; virtue will be what pleases, vice what pains." Thus, "that very refinement of intellectualism, which began by repelling sensuality, ends by excusing it."

THE TRUE STANDARD

THE young man or woman who carries the standard of humanitarianism into the field of social service will be found at a disadvantage with the Catholic worker. Religion is the mother of charity. For centuries the Catholic spirit has been teaching the world the lessons of genuine social service. The labor in the Master's vineyard has been twofold; for souls are to be saved, as well as bodies. Today an ungrateful world is trying to separate religion and charity to make the latter, degenerated into mere materialism, the slave of the State. Will the humanitarian worker succeed as well as the earnest Catholic; the humanitarian, who lacks the spirit of prayer which alone preserves humility and tolerance, and a sense of true values? The modern type of worker, to whom the material progress of a soulless creation is everything, will have no message of hope to broken and shattered lives, for he knows nothing of a merciful God, nothing of a Saviour, nothing of the tender and intimate relation between Creator and creature.

COMPLETE SERVICE

IMPROVE external conditions certainly; but even then the best part of the work still remains undone, for a materially contented race does not mean a moral race. Frederick Ozanam, the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, distinguishes between the help that honors, and the help that humbles those who receive it. Material aid alone is apt to be humiliating; it is

honorable when it may be mutual. "Because every man who gives a kind word, good advice, consolation, today, may tomorrow stand in need of like consolation . . . because that indigent family whom you love, loves you in return, and will have largely acquitted themselves toward you when the old man, the mother, the little children shall have prayed for you." Only he who has faith, a consciousness of the infinite value of the individual soul, and the spirit of Christian humility, can succeed with Christ's poor.

A DOCTRINE OF NOTHINGNESS

THE doctrine of the "divinity of the race," as Canon Sheehan's Irish priest puts it, "makes gods out of a few wretched bipeds who eat carrion, and drink Oriental drugs to keep the wretched life in them, and clothe themselves in unlovely garments by night, and snore unto the stars!" The human race is as perishable as the individual, and humanity is no more eternal than is this planet. Ours is a comparatively young world. Science tells us that conditions will arise to make human life on this earth impossible, when there will be a dead earth and an exhausted sun. Then what has become of divine humanity? It turns out to be a tale signifying nothing. The denial of personal immortality, considered even aside from the question of faith, is irrational because it violates the eternal law of progress, and renders human existence purposeless, the meaningless product of blind chance. Thus the gospel of humanity, stripped of its high-sounding phrases and drawn to its natural conclusion, means "nothingness." But it is to this hopeless and dreary code of words that some of our young Catholic men and women have sacrificed the precious gift of their Faith.

M. P. HAYNE, M.A.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"The War of Youth"

OUR press frequently refers to the extreme youthfulness of many of the combatants in the present war. They are apt to forget that our own Civil War was called the "War of Youth." Attention has been drawn in this connection to a table given in Major General William H. Carter's book, "The American Army," which represents the ages of the soldiers at the period of enlistment:

Those 10 years and younger.....	25
Those 11 years and under.....	38
Those 12 years and under.....	225
Those 13 years and under.....	300
Those 14 years and under.....	1,523
Those 15 years and under.....	104,987
Those 16 years and under.....	231,051
Those 17 years and under.....	844,891
Those 18 years and under.....	2,150,798
Between 18 and 22 years.....	2,159,798
Between 22 and 26 years.....	618,511
Between 26 and 45 years.....	46,462
More than 45 years old.....	16,071

It is furthermore remarked that almost all of the men in the last two classes of the table were officers, "making the rank and file of the army almost all beardless boys when they enlisted."

Fads in Protestant Sunday Schools

THAT modern fads are driving religion out of its last Protestant stronghold, the Sunday school, is the complaint brought by Protestant journals themselves. Reviewing a book on religious education which takes cognizance of everything except religion, the Baptist *Journal and Messenger* regretfully complains that while "commended by many well-meaning people, it seems designated to take what little religion we have out of education." The *Herald and Presbyterian* remarks upon this

that the same criticism might be passed upon "a good deal of our modern Sabbath-school pedagogical literature." Often more attention is given in the classes to drawing the things described in the lessons than to the lessons themselves. Thus the religious teaching in the book under consideration consists in directing the pupils to draw the house where Livingstone died and some pictures from the Old Testament. After remarking that "there is little education in religion in the book," the Baptist paper severely censures the society which published it: "That is the trouble with the society. It wants to cut out education in religion." The wisdom of the Catholic Church in insisting upon her own Catholic schools is implied in the lament of the Presbyterian weekly over this sad condition: "If the pupil is to get his ordinary instruction from the public schools the church ought at least to have a little time on Sabbath for education in religion." Take religion out of the daily teaching of the child and the little that can be given in the Sunday schools will not suffice to sustain an intelligent and strong Christianity.

Death of the Archbishop of Bombay

ANNOUNCEMENT is made of the death of Archbishop Herman Jürgens, S.J., of Bombay. Though a German by birth, he had been permitted to continue in the discharge of his sacred functions when the internment of the German priests took place in India. The anxiety and distress of this latter event, however, soon caused a complete breakdown, and he gradually lapsed into a condition of senile paralysis, though his intellect remained bright as ever. He had been actively interested in the development of missionary and educational undertakings, and the editor of the Bombay *Examiner* looks back at his advent, in 1906, as a godsend:

Catholic journalism is not always a tranquil occupation, and not always an encouraging one. But under Archbishop Jürgens it was a perfect pleasure to work, he was so appreciative and sympathetic. His large-mindedness came out in this. He recognized that every human work must have defects; and so long as the substance is good and the defects incidental, it was a matter of congratulation. He was not only appreciative and sympathetic; he was also, a rarer quality, loyal to his subjects. It occasionally falls to the lot of a Catholic editor to be misunderstood and attacked. In such cases Archbishop Jürgens made straight for the main point: Was the thing complained of wrong? Was it unsound in doctrine, or injudicious, or inexpedient? When once convinced that there was no fault on this score, he would not give the editor away by shelving the matter or attempting a half-hearted compromise. He took up the challenge himself and defended the cause of the editor as his own.

He was not merely an enterprising administrator, but a scholar as well, being especially well-versed in art.

Compensation Law Applied to Child

AN important decision by Judge McMichael of Philadelphia has ruled that the State workmen's compensation law must be interpreted in favor of children whose fathers are killed in industrial accidents. The contested case was that of a child four months old whose father had been killed six days before its birth. A workmen's compensation referee awarded benefits to the mother and the child until it should reach the age of sixteen years. Appeal was taken to the Compensation Board and thence to the Court itself. The argument of the appellants was that when there is a widow or widower entitled to compensation no award can be made to the children. To this the judge replied in his statement:

An act of assembly of the character of the one in question should be interpreted broadly and in harmony with the aim of the act providing support for those dependent upon

a deceased employee. Since dependents bound by the compensation feature of the law lose all their remedies at common law, a literal construction in their favor is required. In the case at bar the child takes nothing during the running of 300 weeks if its mother lives that long and does not marry. Can it be said that it was intended that the child thus should be excluded from the benefits of the act? We think the provision for the mother negatives that inquiry, because the payment made to her was based on the fact of the existence of the child. The child's right to compensation cannot be said in this way to be obliterated. It becomes merged with that of the mother, and rightly so, because she is usually the person to whom ultimately compensation due a child would naturally go.

It is said that more than 1,000 children will be affected by this judgment and that the payment of over \$2,000,000 was involved in the case. The decision will likewise furnish a precedent for other States.

Another Poet Victim of the War

GREAT losses have been sustained by Catholics on both sides of the world war. Among these must be mentioned the death of the youthful German poet, Reinhard Sorge, a brief account of whose life is given by the *Waisenfreund*. Only twenty-four years of age when he fell, he had lived through a stormy and eventful career. His early life presaged disaster. Born of Protestant parents at Berlin, he had lost all religious belief before his seventeenth year. Nietzsche had become his idol. His first drama, "The Beggar," which won for him the Kleist prize, when he was only twenty years of age, was enthusiastically received. Unfortunately, as we might expect, an unchristian spirit predominates in it. An event which took place at almost this same time caused him to regret most bitterly that his play had ever been printed and accepted by the theaters of Berlin and Vienna. While enjoying a stay at the North Sea strand a sudden conviction of the truth of Christianity flashed upon his soul, like a personal revelation. He speaks of this as his conversion. At first he turned to a faithful practice of the Protestantism he had rejected; but a visit to Rome, in the following year, 1913, brought him close to the Church. He attended the Holy Week ceremonies and the Easter celebration at St. Peter's. On leaving Rome he determined to become a Catholic, and on the feast of St. Francis in that same year he and his young wife were received into the Fold at Jena. He paid a second visit to Rome where he was confirmed in the Vatican Seminary by a cardinal. Through the Jesuit author, Father Lippert, he was now brought into touch with leading Catholic periodicals. His first work after his conversion was "Guntwar, the School of a Prophet," which traces the course of his conversion. The fateful year 1914 then came, and with it the call to arms. He was drafted, was given leave of absence for a time, and was again summoned to the front, falling finally on a western battlefield.

Spanish and American Treatment of Natives

TO show how ridiculous is the effort made in the first number of the *Mexican Review* to belittle the Spaniards by unfavorably contrasting their treatment of the Mexicans with the gentleness shown by the Anglo-Saxons in their treatment of the Indians, the Central Bureau of the Central Verein offers an apt quotation from the *American Journal of Sociology*. It indicates what delicate consideration was shown towards their red-skin brethren by the early Pilgrim Fathers. The article, "Social Elements of the Indian Problem," has this to say:

The churchman would bid us be silent when we tell of the wars of the Pilgrim Fathers on Indians. Some would not have us know that when the Pequot men, women and children had been murdered, the Pilgrim preacher rose in

his pulpit to thank God that the militia had "sent six hundred heathen souls to hell." It is not considered good form to mention that Christian Indians were hunted and murdered like dogs in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and even shot in church as they knelt to pray God's blessing on their persecutors. We are not allowed to know that Indians were hunted as wolves and that the states of Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, New Jersey, and even New York offered bounties for Indian scalps. The Pennsylvania schedule was as follows: "For every male above ten years scalped, being killed, \$134; for every female or male under ten years captured, \$130; for every female above ten years scalped, being killed, \$50."

Reference is made in the article quoted to a machine-gun attack on a peaceful Arapahoe village. These are but isolated instances from a long tale of horrors that might be told. Among other delectable methods employed in civilizing the American Indian we find mention, in the account of Father De Smet's life, of the killing of practically an entire village of innocent natives by the fiendish device of putting in their way the garments of a plague victim. The Church in the meantime protected and preserved the Mexican Indian and educated him in the knowledge of his God. Men of the Villa and Carranza type are the human fiends who now take pleasure in the extermination of the race.

Ruined Center of a Great Mission

THE most needy diocese in all the territory over which float the Stars and Stripes, according to the conviction of Bishop Hurth, now at Holy Cross College, Brookland, D. C., is the ruined district of Nueva Segovia, in the Philippine Islands. It is at the same time one of the most fruitful mission fields. Fifty-six churches, besides chapels, schools and presbyteries lie in ruin. Here, in the northern part of the Island of Luzon, the revolution had raged with the most destructive violence, and hard upon this, when the country had slightly recovered and the work of reconstruction had begun, followed appalling devastation from earthquakes and typhoons. In some places the people assist at religious functions under the open sky, and in many others they worship under mere sheds. In contrast to this stands the commodious meeting-house or "church" of the sectarian preacher, gratuitously erected, and made to bear witness to his pretension that the nation now ruling the Philippine Islands is Protestant, and that the Filipinos will share in the wondrous wealth and progress of America if they will embrace the "American" religion. More than this; within the diocese of Nueva Segovia three Protestant hospitals have been erected, while no fewer than eight dormitories throw open their doors to the Filipino student who wishes to attend the Government institutions for higher education, offering him board and lodging, together with other attractions, at nominal charges, or even gratis if he promises to be good material for the Protestant proselyting propaganda. Such is the power everywhere given to Protestantism by the generous response made to missionary appeals, while Catholics have in most cases contented themselves with contributing a few paltry pennies to this most important cause. The diocese of Nueva Segovia has not been able to oppose even one hospital to the three sectarian institutions, nor to inaugurate more than one student dormitory. Within this same diocese are the mountain districts inhabited by the Igorrots, Ifugaos, Tinguians and Kalingas, presenting the most hopeful field for missionary zeal. The Scheut Fathers of Belgium and the German Fathers of the Divine Word, each with a community of Sisters of their own nationality, divide this vast and fertile district between them. But the war has cut off the alms on which they depended, and the important Mass intentions from America are sadly few and insufficient. Yet here about 400,000 souls look to these apostolic missionaries to break to them the Bread of Life.